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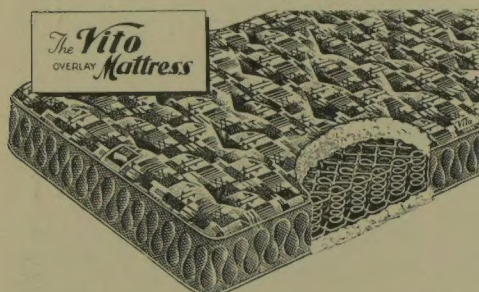
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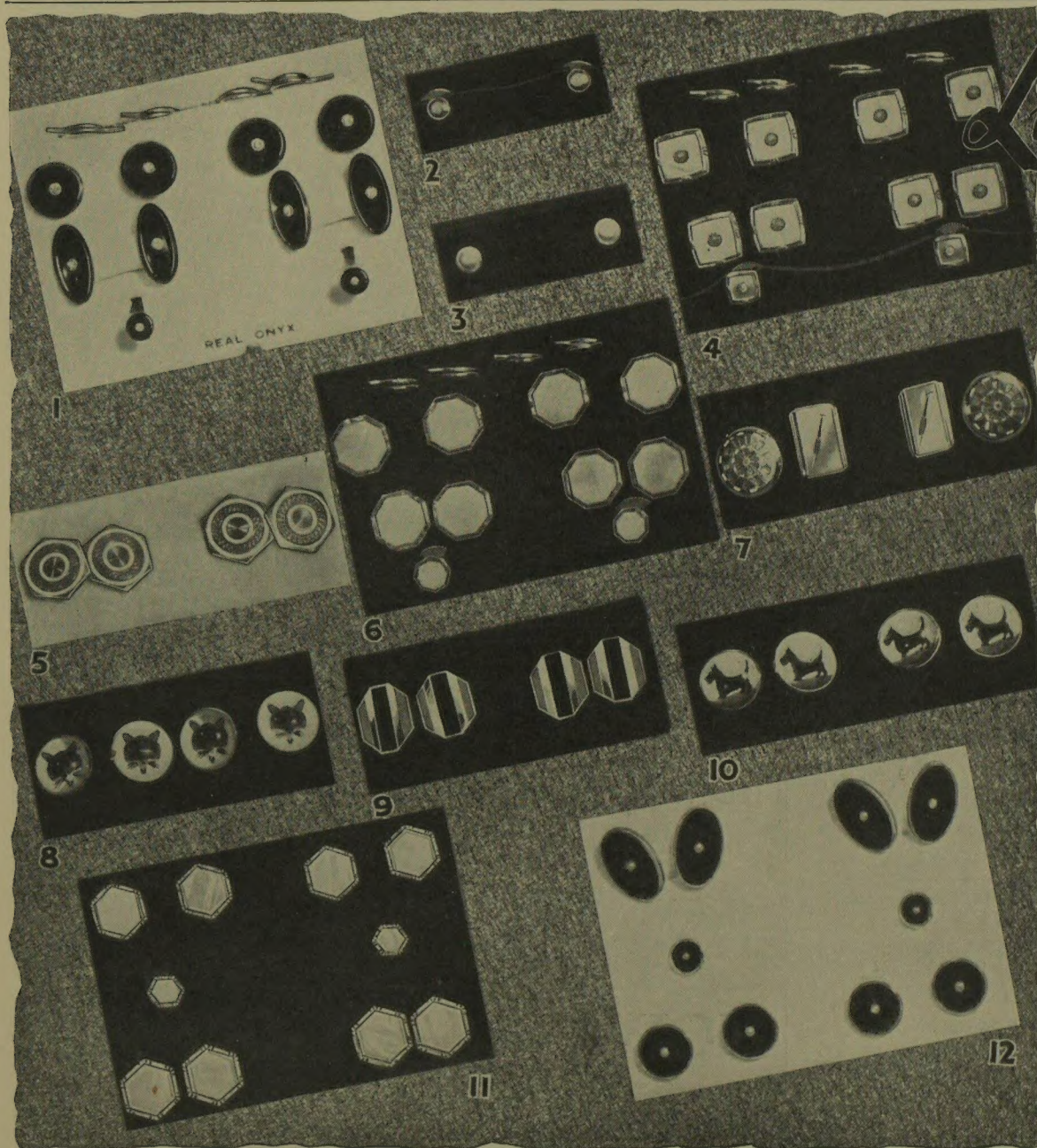
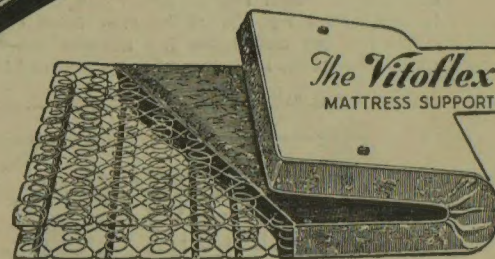
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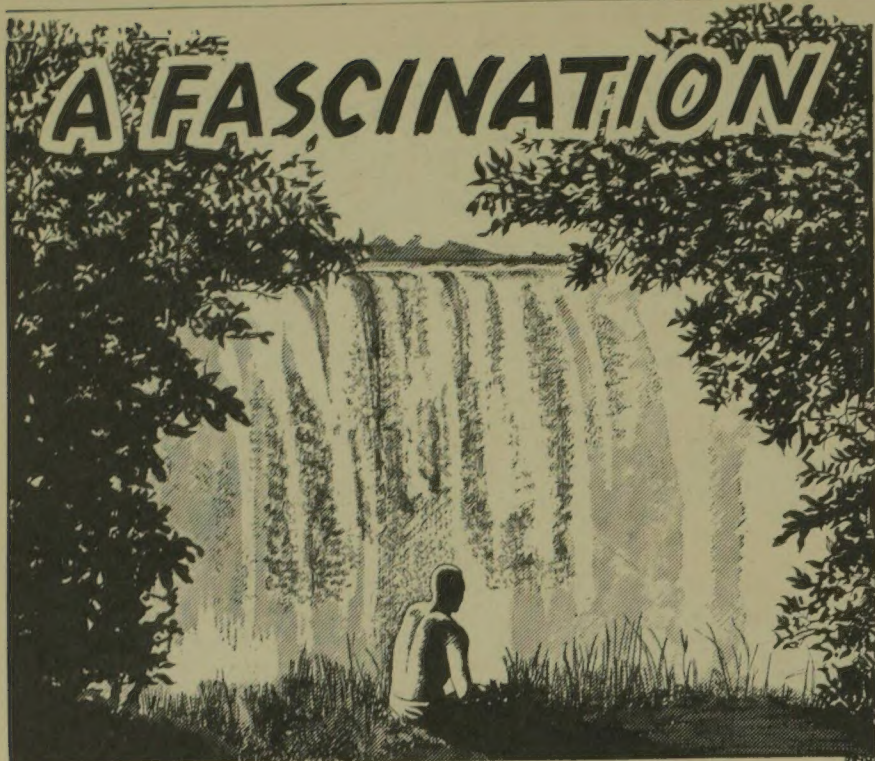
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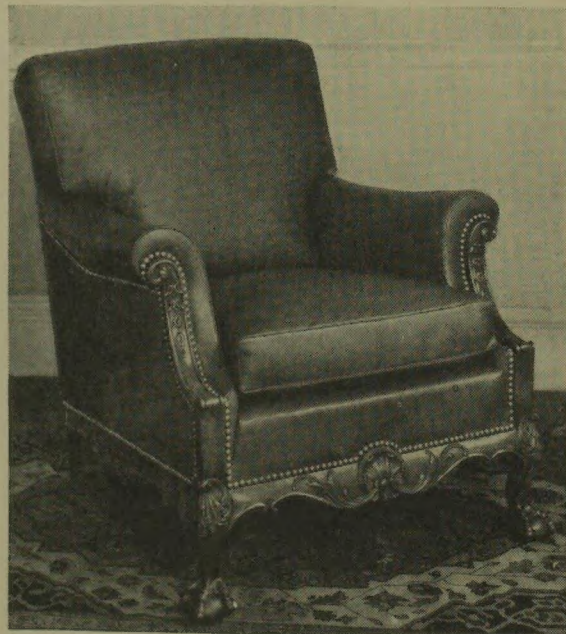


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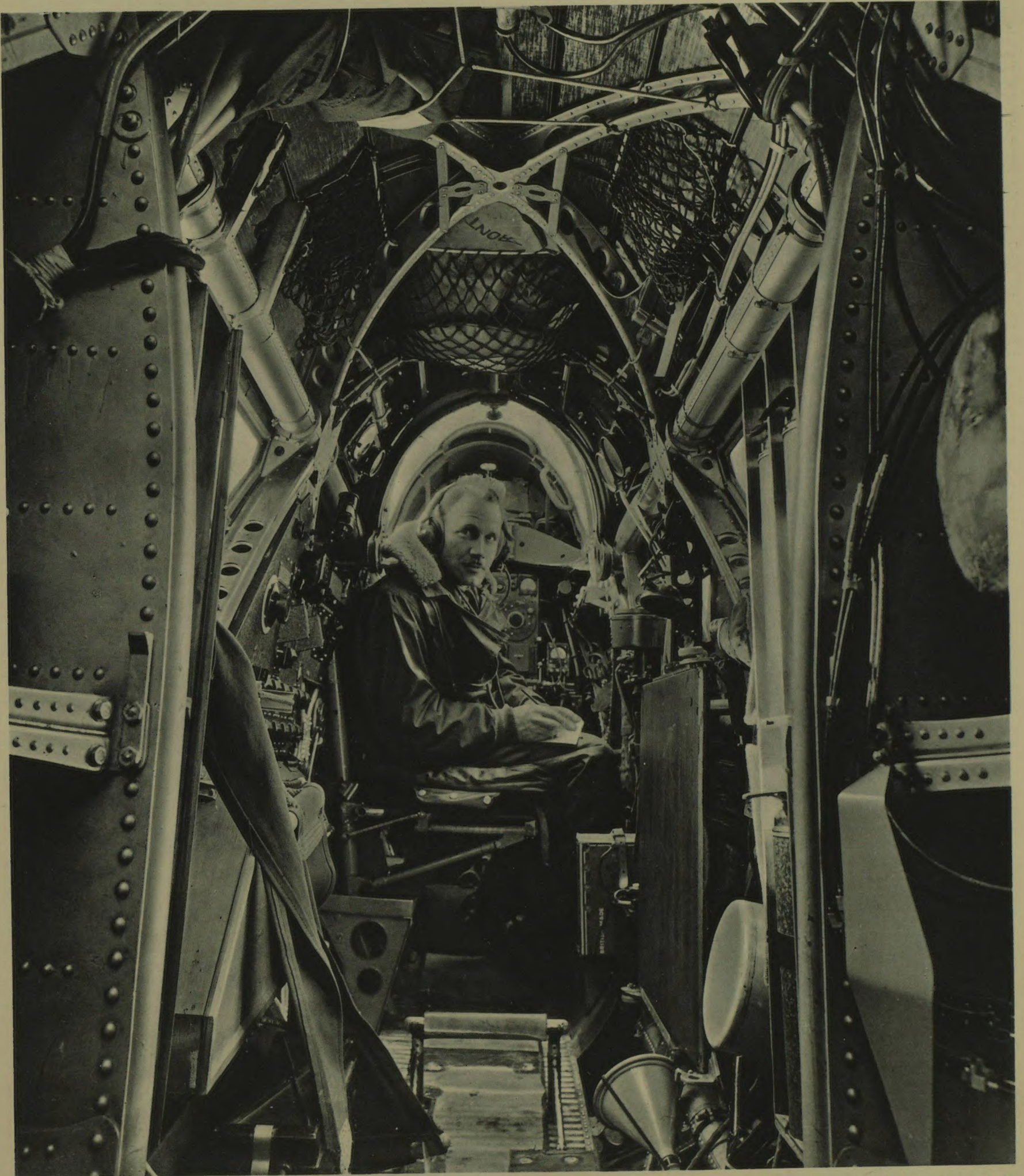


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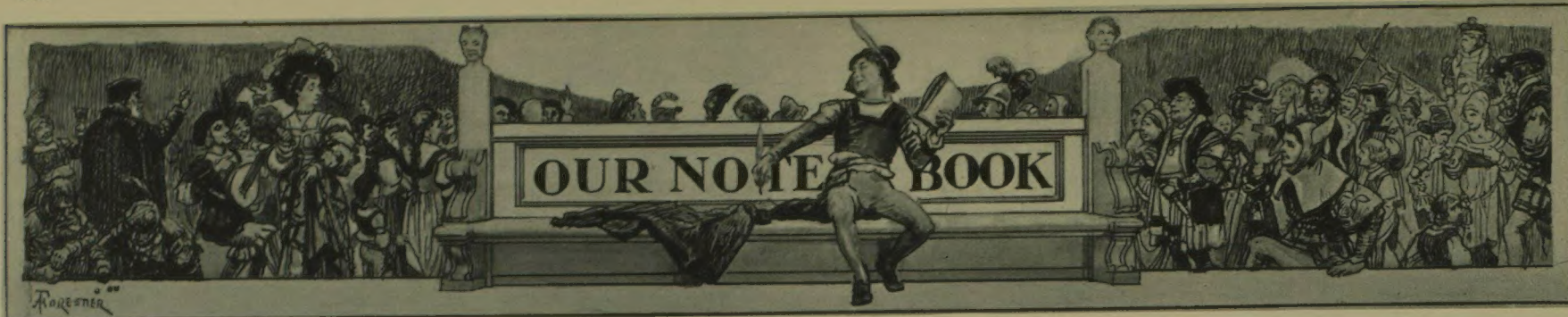
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1938.



THE WORLD'S RECORD LONG-DISTANCE FLIGHT: THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE VICKERS WELLESLEY R.A.F. BOMBERS WHICH FLEW FROM ISMAILIA, EGYPT, TO DARWIN, AUSTRALIA, IN JUST OVER 48 HOURS.

Full details of the new world's long-distance record set up by three Vickers Wellesley bombers of the Royal Air Force will be found on another page in this issue. Here we show the interior of one of the machines with Sergeant H. B. Gray, the wireless operator, seated at his transmitting set. Each bomber carried a crew of three and in the first machine were Squadron-Leader R. Kellett, leader

of the flight, a second pilot and a signals officer who, like the wireless operator mechanics in the other aircraft, was a qualified pilot. During the flight the machines were in constant wireless communication with ground stations and with each other and made frequent reports giving their position. The confined space in which the wireless operators worked is shown above. (Charles Brown.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ARMISTICE DAY has a way of coming round again more quickly than seems possible. Indeed, as birthdays are said to do, it does so more quickly every year. And with each return, the sense of life slipping between one's hands becomes more acute. For to one of my generation who fought in the war, Armistice Day is more than a commemoration, solemn as that commemoration is. It marks the anniversary of an escape—of a rebirth. All our birthdays began again from that moment. At the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month we received reprieve of life, and were made once more citizens of the world. Some of us, I confess, who were still schoolboys when the war began, and had known no other form of grown-up existence but preparation for conflict, were at first a little bemused by that sudden, miraculous change. We scarcely knew what to do with a free life when it was offered us, and, as those released from long imprisonment are sometimes said to do, we gazed about us almost in dismay, reluctant to leave the iron order of routine and predestined plan to which we had grown accustomed and for which, indeed, we had been bred. I remember in my squadron, where few of us were more than twenty-one years of age, and half at least of us still in our teens, Armistice Day itself tended to be rather a gloomy affair: we kicked our heels in the mess, still wearing the accoutrements of the morning's cancelled raid, and wondered what we should do next. Our wonder was increased by the fact that the squadron had just run out of both whisky and cigarettes. "Per ardua ad astra" had been the former regimental motto of most of us. It scarcely seemed conceivable to us that one could attain to the stars (which youth promises itself behind every horizon) by any gentler road.

For those older than us, for the great majority who had suffered and survived, and for us, too, after a little reflection, the mood of that first Armistice was one of unrelieved rejoicing. An enormous burden had been lifted from the shoulders of suffering mortality: sentence of death had been taken off. One soldier poet, expressing the unexpressed feelings of a multitude of men, put it thus—

Now to awake and feel no regret at waking,
Knowing the shadowy days are white again,
To draw our curtains and watch the slow dawn
breaking
Silver and grey on English field and lane.

Another, more lyrical, saw it as a blinding revelation of loveliness after the horror of long and unredeemed darkness—

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted,
And beauty came like the setting sun,
My heart was shaken with tears, and horror
Drifted away. . . . O but every one
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the
singing will never be done.

Afterwards, of course, as men got used to the light, the first rapture of that release passed. Those who had fought in the war and survived it learned to take freedom and daylight for granted: to look out unastonished on flowers in the garden or the peaceful chimney-pots on the other side of the street, instead of on the lonely, loathful landscape of No-man's Land—on the skeletons of trees, rotting corpses on wire, and the ruins of charred brick and stone. A time came when even the most thankful could no longer gaze at clean sheets as a lover looks on

his future bride, or regard a hot bath as something in the nature of a divine dispensation. These welcome things became commonplaces again. And so did the right to go on living and to enjoy one's home, one's wife and children, and one's friends.

Now we have had another Armistice Day—a second reprieve. Knowing, as some cannot, what war can be, I find the thought sobering. A few

of European civilisation for all time. Soon after, I received a communication from an American correspondent in these strong and heartfelt words: "Your tail is between your legs in every craven word of your article. A senile old man of your type will soon be dead; the sooner the better for the British nation." Yet, had my correspondent known anything of this country and its successive layers of opinion, she—for I think it must have been a lady—would have guessed that the writer whose cowardice she so lamented was less likely to be a greybeard than a prematurely middle-aged individual somewhere, say, between his fortieth and fiftieth year. It is in this generation—or, rather, among the survivors of it—that the most passionate lovers of peace are to be found. And their love of peace is grounded on their close acquaintanceship with its contrary.

On second thoughts, I doubt whether my generation can claim this second Armistice Day as its own. It was almost solely the achievement of a man of an older generation, possessed of that very rare capacity to realise what he had never personally experienced. And it was concluded principally for the benefit of a younger generation, which, being ignorant of what it had escaped, is scarcely to be blamed because it does not realise its good fortune. The Prime Minister was no

doubt aware of this when he laid his career and political reputation on the altar of unthinking posterity. And, in any case, I doubt if my generation deserved a second Armistice. After all, we had had our reprieve and somehow failed to use it. It is true that we were not directly responsible for the punitive peace of 1919, and that long procession of lost political opportunities. But we let our elders commit these blind mistakes and said never

a word, contenting ourselves with taking our fill of that sunlight to which we had been so miraculously restored. And perhaps by that acquiescence we betrayed our dead comrades.

But the generation that has been reprieved knows nothing of this, and, unless that reprieve proves a false dawn, never will. To-day many of its members appear to be looking askance at that Munich Agreement to which they owe their lives and such portion of happiness as they may have in life. And perhaps there was a measure of humiliation in the new Armistice of Sept. 30. Perhaps as a nation we had talked too big and been too self-righteous; had insisted too proudly on our Christian principles, when all that we were really ready to practise was Christianity without the crucifixion. And perhaps also a little humiliation in the achievement of this second Armistice is a small price to pay now for all the humiliation we forced on a defeated foe in the first Armistice and the signed Peace that followed it. If Munich was a defeat, and not, as the rest of Europe sees it, a triumph for the patience and magnanimity of a great Englishman, we can take comfort in the thought that a little modest sackcloth and ashes never did a proud and rich nation any harm in the long run.

There is just one other point. On the night the Prime Minister returned bringing peace, somebody with a touch of genius in the realisation that the Great War to end war was not to be followed by a second, placed a wreath at the Cenotaph bearing the words: "So they did not die in vain after all."



IN THE FORTHCOMING SALE OF RUFFORD ABBEY PICTURES, AT CHRISTIE'S: "A VIEW OF THE QUIRINAL PALACE, ROME"; BY CANALETTO. (33½ by 57½ in.)



"A PARK WITH A COUNTRY HOUSE": A CHARMINGLY INFORMAL WORK BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL. (28 by 36½ in.)



"A RIVER SCENE WITH A FERRY BOAT"; PAINTED BY SALOMON VAN RUISDAEL IN 1650. (41 by 59 in.)



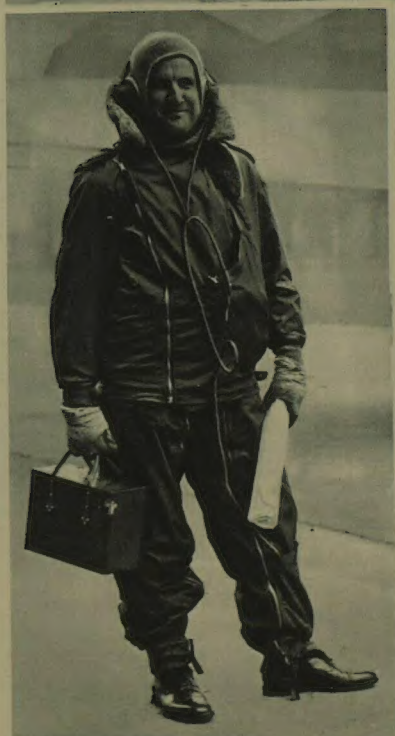
A FINE HOBBEEMA IN THE RUFFORD ABBEY SALE: "A WOODY LANDSCAPE WITH A COTTAGE AND ANGLER." (22½ by 32 in.)

Rufford Abbey, the historic house in the "Dukeries" which has been in the hands of the Savile family for 300 years, was bought from Lord Savile's trustees by Alderman Sir Albert Ball, former Lord Mayor of Nottingham, in April of this year. The general contents of the house were dispersed last month, and many historic pieces then changed hands. The collection of pictures will be sold at Messrs. Christie's on November 18.

(Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods, 8, King Street, St. James's.)

weeks before the final crisis, I wrote an article on this page suggesting that the question of what happened to the Sudeten Germans or the existing Czech Government, however seemingly important at the moment, was not really worth the sacrifice of another generation and—as in all probability it would be—

ROYAL AIR FORCE BOMBERS BREAK THE WORLD'S LONG-DISTANCE RECORD.



WEARING A HEATED SUIT WITH A SATIN-COVERED LINING OF KAPOK: FLIGHT-LIEUT. R. G. MUSSON.



AIRCRAFT USED IN ESTABLISHING A NEW WORLD'S LONG-DISTANCE RECORD: THE THREE R.A.F. VICKERS WELLESLEY BOMBERS WHICH FLEW FROM EGYPT TO AUSTRALIA.

EARLY on November 5 three R.A.F. Vickers Wellesley bombers, modified for long-distance flights and equipped with enlarged petrol-tanks, left Ismailia, Egypt, in an attempt to break the world's long-distance record of 6306 miles set up by Soviet airmen who flew from Moscow to California last year. The aircraft, which are fitted with a single Bristol Pegasus XXII. engine, each carried a crew of three—a pilot, a second pilot and navigator, and a wireless operator mechanic. At 8.26 p.m. on November 6 the machines passed the Island of Celebes and were then 6368 miles from their starting-point and had broken the record. Two of the machines continued non-stop to Darwin, where they landed at 4.2 a.m. and 4.5 a.m. respectively on November 7 after flying 7162 miles in just over 48 hours. The third machine, piloted by Flight-Lieut. H. A. V. Hogan, was forced to land at Koepang, in the Island of Timor, owing to shortage of petrol, and was then 400 miles short of its destination. It arrived at Darwin at 7.36 a.m. The distance from Egypt to Australia had been covered at an average speed of 149 m.p.h. The Long-Range Development Unit of the R.A.F. was formed in January, 1938.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A. AND CHARLES BROWN.



WITH A MAP STRAPPED TO HIS KNEE: FLIGHT-LIEUT. HOGAN, PILOT OF ONE OF THE VICKERS WELLESLEY BOMBERS.

CANTON FALLS: CHINESE DEVASTATION, WHILE THE JAPANESE MARCH IN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.



THE SYSTEMATIC DESTRUCTION OF CANTON BY THE CHINESE WHEN COMPELLED TO EVACUATE THE CITY: RUINS NEAR THE WONGSHA STATION YARDS, WHERE BIG MUNITION DUMPS EXPLODED.



THE EVACUATION OF CANTON IN FACE OF THE THREAT OF THE JAPANESE ADVANCE: CHINESE WHO HAD REMAINED BEHIND CLINGING TO THE REMAINS OF A HOME-MADE RAFT.



IN THE WONGSHA STATION YARDS, WHERE WAR MATERIAL THAT COULD NOT BE MOVED WAS WRECKED BY THE CHINESE: THE REMAINS OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AND TRACTORS—SOME OF THEM ALREADY ON RAILWAY TRUCKS.



THE BURNING OF CANTON, WHERE THE FIRES STARTED BY THE CHINESE SPREAD RAPIDLY IN A STIFF BREEZE: A TOWERING COLUMN OF SMOKE FROM BLAZING WATERSIDE BUILDINGS.



THE EXODUS FROM CANTON WHEN THE CITY'S FALL HAD BECOME INEVITABLE: REFUGEES OF THE POORER CLASSES MOVING OUT, CARRYING THEIR BELONGINGS ON POLES OR IN RICKSHAWS.



THE JAPANESE APPEAR OUTSIDE SHAMEEN, THE FOREIGN CONCESSION AREA: AN OFFICER NEAR THE BOUNDARY BEHIND A BRITISH CAR, OVER WHICH A UNION JACK HAS BEEN DRAWN FOR PROTECTION.

As noted in our issue of October 29, when we gave a number of views of Canton, Japanese troops entered that city on October 21. Apparently the taking of the city was the work of a mechanised column which advanced a considerable distance ahead of the Japanese main army. The Chinese systematically destroyed everything that could be of use to the invaders. The great Pearl River bridge, which cost £425,000 to build, was dynamited. A "Daily Telegraph and Morning Post" correspondent gave a graphic description of the work of destruction. "Literally swamping Canton

with petrol and kerosene," he wrote, "the remnant of Chinese troops and civilians set fire to the city and started a blaze which swept from end to end. The fires, which began simultaneously in the four quarters of the city, spread with astonishing rapidity owing to bamboo bomb-nets on top of buildings catching alight. The Japanese, who had no water supplies for fire-fighting purposes, were helped by a few Europeans in an attempt to create gaps in the flames by dynamiting buildings. Nine blocks stretching northwards from the waterfront were completely destroyed, while the Bund

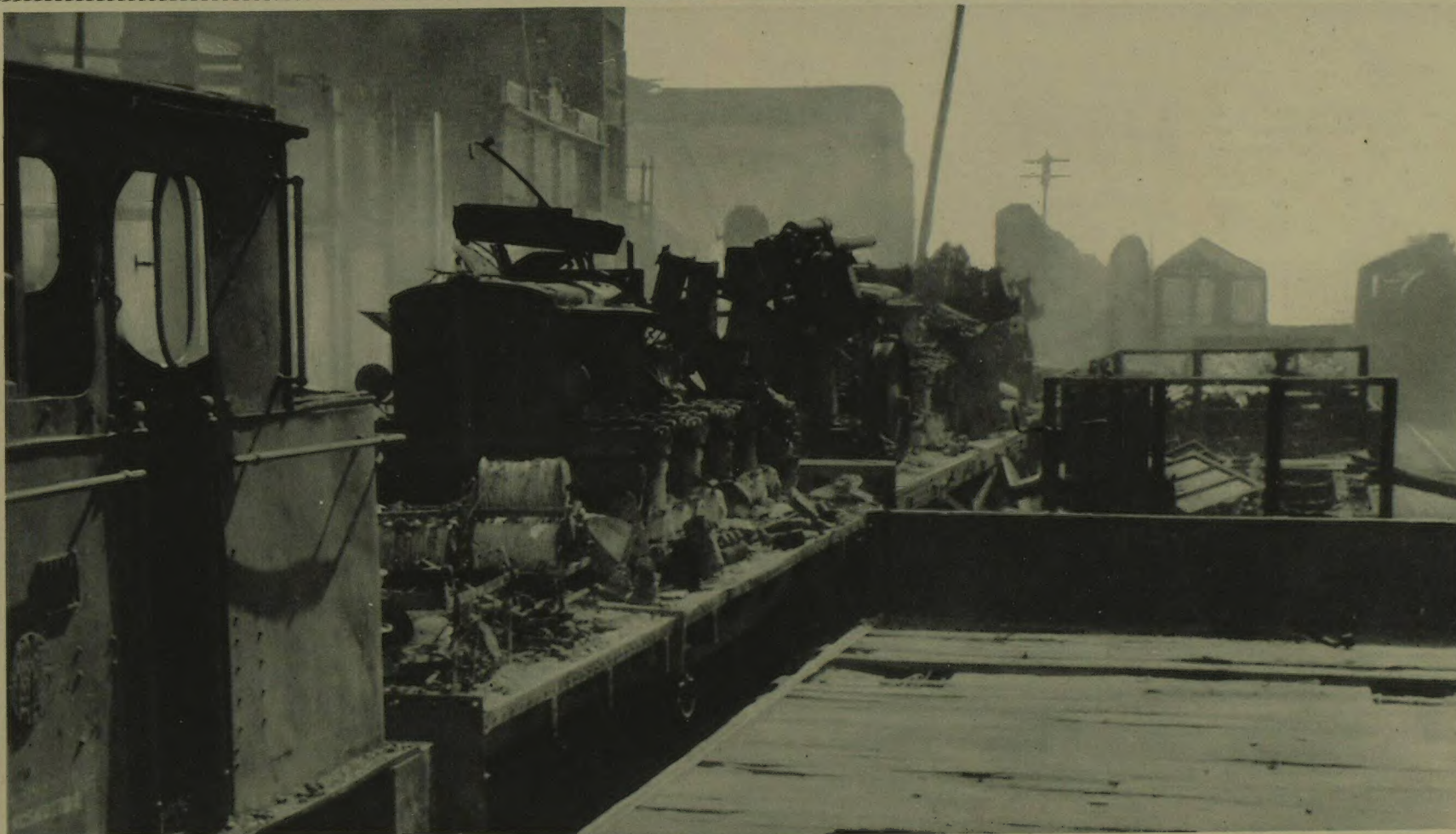
(Continued opposite.)

CANTON AN INFERNO OF BLAZING "BOMB-NETS" AND EXPLODING DUMPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.



WHERE BAMBOO BOMB-NETS HELPED TO SPREAD THE CONFLAGRATION IN CANTON: THE FLAMES ADVANCING AMONG BETTER-CLASS BUILDINGS; THE BAMBOO NETS APPEARING LIKE SCAFFOLDING IN NUMEROUS PLACES.



WAR MATERIAL ABANDONED AT WONGSHA STATION, WHERE MUNITION DUMPS BLEW UP AND WRECKED A WIDE AREA: GUNS AND TRACTORS THAT WERE READY TO MOVE, MUCH DAMAGED, AND LITTERED WITH DÉBRIS.

Continued.

area from the east gates towards Wongsha was also a continuous line of fire. The flames reached two enormous ammunition dumps near Wongsha railway station and terrific explosions rocked the entire city and showered the Shameen concessions, half a mile away, with débris which fell for five minutes. All windows in Shameen were shattered. Twenty buildings were severely damaged by concussion. As a result of the explosions, a wide area of Wongsha has completely disappeared; nothing remains except gigantic craters. Dumps near the railway

yards, including locomotives, trucks, carriages, and a vast quantity of war material awaiting transportation to Hankow, were blown high into the air." The Chinese also destroyed all public utility establishments and factories, including the cement works and other Government undertakings. The majority of the inhabitants had already left. Chinese banks transferred their property to Shameen, and shopkeepers shipped their stocks to Wuchow and other Kwangsi cities. Small groups of Chinese continued to resist the Japanese advance, adding to the chaos.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ARCHÆOLOGY in its modern form is a highly adventurous pursuit. It breeds men of action very different from the stuffy type of spectacled professor popularly associated with the subject in bygone days. It takes them exploring in far places, and inures them to the rough life of the desert camp and the mountain track. Not seldom it involves them in political strife or even in local warfare. Lawrence of Arabia was originally an archaeologist. More recently, in Palestine, Mr. J. L. Starkey fell a victim to terrorist banditry, and at Jerusalem a few weeks ago an archaeologist was called in to advise the military authorities concerning ancient underground passages. Another example of an archaeologist-traveller devoting his experience to political or military purposes comes from the Far East. His perilous enterprise is recorded in "THE SILK ROAD." By Sven Hedin, author of "Across the Gobi Desert" and "Big Horse's Flight." Translated from the Swedish by F. H. Lyon. With 31 Plates and a Map (Routledge; 18s.).

Here the eminent Swedish explorer adds to his long list of fascinating travel records an account of his latest adventure—an expedition to examine the roads leading to the most westerly province of China, Sinkiang, with a view to their conversion into a great motor road for military communications. "I was to be leader of the expedition," he writes, "and was to receive the title of 'Adviser to the Ministry of Railways.' . . . The outward journey was to be through the Gobi desert to Hami, the return journey along the ancient Imperial Highway, the so-called Silk Road. Another point in our instructions was that neither the leader, nor any member of, or employee in the expedition had the right to carry on archaeological research in any form. This unfortunate provision . . . came near ruining the whole enterprise . . . the absurdity . . . is best shown by the fact that the ancient Silk Road and the exploration of its course—especially between Tun-hwang and Korla—was archaeology pure and simple. My proposal to revive the old Silk Road and turn it into a modern motor road had been approved by the Government. A member of the same Government [however] had . . . forbidden us to pay the least attention to any relics from ancient times by which we could identify the old road, whose traces had been obliterated by the storms of 2000 years. To achieve the object of the expedition, therefore, we were compelled to violate the archaeological clause."

The name "Silk Road," Dr. Sven Hedin tells us, is not Chinese, and has never been used in China: it was probably invented by Prof. Baron von Richthofen, author of a famous work on China, and has reference to the vast quantities of Chinese silk which for 500 years were carried westward along the Imperial Highway, the Chinese portion of a trade route that traversed all Asia. "The whole Silk Road," we read, "from Sian via Anhsi, Kashgar, Samarkand and Seleucia to Tyre, is 4200 miles as the crow flies and, including bends, something like 6000 miles, or one quarter of the length of the equator. . . . This traffic artery through the whole of the old world is the longest, and from a cultural-historical standpoint the most significant, connecting link between peoples and continents that has ever existed on earth. The Chinese merchants . . . a few thousand years ago had no idea where the innumerable bales of silk . . . ended their journey. The main thing for them was to get payment from the first middleman. Tokhars, Bactrians, Parthians, Medes and Syrians carried the precious wares farther, but only the Phœnician seamen in Tyre and other Mediterranean ports knew that Rome was the chief market. The Roman patricians, who decked their wives and daughters in silks, had the vaguest ideas of the popular textile's origin."

It was in 1933 that Dr. Sven Hedin started on his expedition, from Peking. The scheme was first mooted, he recalls, in conversation with a Chinese Minister at a dinner given at the German Embassy there to General

von Seeckt, Mackensen's Chief of Staff in the Great War and a few years ago commander-in-chief of the Reichswehr. "General von Seeckt," the author mentions, "was one of my best war-time friends. We had met daily during Mackensen's advance through Galicia. Now, after a visit to Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, he had come up to Peking." The author's expedition returned in 1935, when Dr. Sven Hedin was invited to the Marshal's headquarters at Hankow. In April of that year he arrived back in Sweden, "where," he writes, "we were hailed by the people all the way to Stockholm. It was just fifty years since I had left home for the first time to devote a whole lifetime to the exploration of darkest Asia."

During the journey recorded in his present volume there was plenty of "darkness" in the form of political intrigue and civil war, in which the expedition became

had a couple of Mauser pistols aimed at his heart . . . I shouted to Georg: 'We'll be shot; promise them the car to-night!' Georg spoke calmly. Chang gave an order, and I was led into the room alone. The minutes I sat there, with armed soldiers each side of me, seemed an eternity. I expected each moment to hear the three volleys from the yard. But at last Yew was pushed violently into the room, and then the two Swedes. And then negotiations began."

Not the least interesting part of Dr. Sven Hedin's book is the appendix, dated last June, commenting on events in China, and the development of the new motor road, since his expedition. "The situation," he writes, "has changed very much since 1934 and 1935. . . . Sinkiang may become a bone of contention between Japan

and Russia. . . . The greatest and most important change is in the strategic position . . . a natural consequence of the war between Japan and China. . . . Russia in 1930 completed the Turksib (Turkistan-Siberia) railway between Tashkent and Semipalatinsk, which runs along, and not far from, the north-western frontier of Sinkiang; so that it is easier for her to dominate Sinkiang strategically than for Japan, whose long lines of communications, so long as no railways exist, run through the Gobi desert. But the inaccessibility of the province will not be an insuperable obstacle to either Japan or Russia if, either now or at some future time, the stake of battle is the mastery of Asia."

In China and the countries on her western border relations with Russia appear to be complex and conflicting, to judge by Dr. Sven Hedin's account. "The Kashgar-Yarkend region," he says, "is seething with unrest and Russian influence is advancing eastward, the Red Terror in its most barbarous form. If the murders at Kashgar are repeated in other Central Asiatic towns with a Mohammedan population, a life-and-death struggle is to be expected between the Mohammedans—who, as I have said, are among the most irreconcilable enemies of Bolshevism—and Red Russia. . . . As Russia is the only Power from which China is receiving effective help in her desperate struggle against Japan, it is not surprising that the Chinese sympathise with the Bolsheviks." On the other hand—"As a man of culture, a Christian, and a man of gigantic moral stature, Chiang Kai-shek is *a priori* a sworn enemy of Bolshevism. He has held sway over the largest nation in the world for eleven years and enjoys his people's unbounded confidence. The result of the war now going on depends on him. His own people look up to him and have a blind faith in his strength of character. . . . The war in the Far East . . . is a chain of dramatic events of fantastic magnitude. It is a duel between the most determined and energetic people of our time and the man who, as strategist, statesman and patriot is the greatest of contemporary leaders." Such was the author's view of the situation in China four or five months ago.

Geographically, there is something in common between Dr. Sven Hedin's experiences in Sinkiang and two posthumous books by a young Austrian soldier, who had equally hazardous adventures in the same part of the world. I will begin with the one which has only just appeared, although its story relates to an earlier period than his former work. The new book is entitled "PRISONER IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND." By Gustav Krist. Translated by E. O. Lorimer. With Folding Map and 4 Illustrations (Faber; 10s. 6d.). The map shows the author's journeys, which traversed a great part of Central Asia, between the Caucasus and Russian Turkestan. The tale opens in the trenches of Galicia in the autumn of 1914. Very soon the author and a friend, named Gurk, are ordered out on an advance patrol, and are attacked by Cossacks. After describing how he was shot in the thigh while taking cover in a bomb-crater, and tumbled into the slush at the bottom, he writes at the end of the first chapter: "And so Gurk passed out of my life, or I, rather, out of his." Nevertheless, the

(Continued on page 970.)



THE FINALE OF A CHINESE PROPAGANDA PLAY: YOUNG CHINA UNITED UNDER THE FIGURE OF PEACE.



TIPIFYING JAPANESE ATROCITIES IN A CHINESE WAR-PLAY: A JAPANESE SOLDIER CARRYING OFF A CHINESE GIRL.



THE CHINESE CONCEPTION OF A JAPANESE SOLDIER: AN EVIL-LOOKING FIGURE WHO APPEARS REPEATEDLY IN CHINESE PLAYS.



THE HORRORS OF WAR: A TERROR-STRICKEN GIRL IN AN INVADIED TOWN REALISTICALLY PORTRAYED ON THE STAGE.

WAR-PLAYS TO STRENGTHEN CHINESE PATRIOTISM: TOURING PROPAGANDA. Here and on the opposite page we show scenes from one of the war-plays which are now being enacted by troupes of actors sent out by the Chinese Government to strengthen patriotism among the villagers of China. The value of the stage as a means of presenting propaganda in an easily assimilated form was recognised some years ago by the former Chinese "Red" Army, which had its own troupes of actors. (Photographs by Julius Eigner.)

unwittingly entangled, through their cars being commandeered by one side and themselves arrested by the other. Thrice they were imprisoned, and once they came within an ace of being shot. The scene is most dramatically described. "One fellow," writes Dr. Sven Hedin, "ripped off my jacket, while another pulled up my shirt to tear it off. Savage soldiers, forty in number, filled the courtyard. . . . Everything was prepared for the execution. The rifles clattered and rattled as they were made ready to fire. All that remained was to put us up against the wall. . . . The forty soldiers who surrounded us were no men, they were beasts, demons, to whom human lives—one or a thousand—meant nothing. My whole life flew past me. . . . We were already facing the barrels of our murderers' rifles, and throughout the process of stripping us and binding our hands each of us had

same part of the world. I will begin with the one which has only just appeared, although its story relates to an earlier period than his former work. The new book is entitled "PRISONER IN THE FORBIDDEN LAND." By Gustav Krist. Translated by E. O. Lorimer. With Folding Map and 4 Illustrations (Faber; 10s. 6d.). The map shows the author's journeys, which traversed a great part of Central Asia, between the Caucasus and Russian Turkestan. The tale opens in the trenches of Galicia in the autumn of 1914. Very soon the author and a friend, named Gurk, are ordered out on an advance patrol, and are attacked by Cossacks. After describing how he was shot in the thigh while taking cover in a bomb-crater, and tumbled into the slush at the bottom, he writes at the end of the first chapter: "And so Gurk passed out of my life, or I, rather, out of his." Nevertheless, the

CHINESE ACTING TO ENCOURAGE RESISTANCE TO JAPAN: A GRIM WAR-PLAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIUS EIGNER.



EXPLAINING THE EXTENT OF THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION BY MEANS OF A BIG MAP FLANKED BY GIRLS REPRESENTING PEACE AND LIBERTY: AN ACTRESS IN THE PROLOGUE TO A CHINESE WAR-PLAY.



THE PROLOGUE: A JAPANESE SOLDIER APPEARS OVER THE MAP AND, AFTER INDICATING JAPAN'S DESIRE TO POSSESS THE WHOLE OF CHINA, TEARS OFF THE WINGS OF PEACE AND TAKES AWAY THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.



THE CIVILIAN RESPONSE TO THE ARMY'S NEEDS DEPICTED IN A CHINESE WAR-PLAY: PEOPLE IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE BRINGING GIFTS FOR THE SOLDIERS AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF BARBED WIRE AND TRENCHES.



THE SINO-JAPANESE WAR DRAMATISED FOR PROPAGANDA PURPOSES, RESULTING IN A STRENGTHENING OF THE POWER OF RESISTANCE AMONG THE CHINESE: A SCENE SHOWING CHINESE TROOPS BEGINNING AN ATTACK UPON JAPANESE POSITIONS.



RE-ENACTING THE EPIC DEFENCE BY THE DOOMED BATTALION AT SHANGHAI: A CHINESE GIRL-SCOUT, AT THE RISK OF HER LIFE, BRINGS A NATIONAL FLAG TO THE GARRISON, WHO HOIST IT ON THE ROOF.



YOUNG CHINA CELEBRATES THE ULTIMATE VICTORY: THE FINALE OF THE PLAY; WITH CHILDREN HOLDING TORCHES BETWEEN THE FIGURES OF PEACE AND LIBERTY, AND AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK IN THE BACKGROUND.

One of the most surprising features of the Sino-Japanese war is the way in which the Chinese people, hitherto thought to possess little national feeling, have united against the Japanese invader. Ever since the outbreak of hostilities, the Chinese Government has made a special effort to arouse patriotism throughout the country, in order to strengthen the power of resistance and to weld China into a homogeneous whole. A share in this work is delegated to troupes of actors who go on tour and give performances of plays which have proved invaluable as propaganda. At present,

there are about a dozen such theatrical troupes, consisting usually of not more than a score of people, many of whom come from Shanghai theatres and film-studios. They go from village to village giving performances for a day or a week. Contrary to the tradition of the Chinese stage, which is content with symbolism and favours an extreme restraint, these actors give a realistic performance in which the horrors of invasion are depicted in a way that would not be permitted in Europe. The greater part of the money obtained from the sale of seats is spent on comforts for the troops.

OFFICERS UNDER TWO GREAT LEADERS.

"WELLINGTON'S OFFICERS": By DOUGLAS BELL; and "CROMWELL'S CAPTAINS": By C. E. LUCAS PHILLIPS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"IN this book," say the publishers of Mr. Douglas Bell's work, "Douglas Bell does for Wellington's officers what Mr. A. G. Macdonell has done, in his book of that title, for Napoleon and his marshals." It is conceivable that a similar inspiration might have accounted for the form of Mr. Lucas Phillips' book. If neither of these volumes can compete, in point of variety of character and exploit, with Mr. Macdonell's (which, incidentally, was one of the best books about Napoleon ever written), it isn't their fault. Mr. Bell says: "The names of Wellington's generals are not so familiar in England as are those of Napoleon's marshals, such as Ney, Soult, Masséna, and the rest. Why this is so is not altogether clear, for Wellington and his lieutenants surely won undying renown." It seems to me, on the contrary, very clear indeed. For one thing, Napoleon's marshals were frequently "off on their own" when their chief was busy elsewhere. For another thing, the flood of Revolution and the "career open to talents" brought to the top in Napoleon's armies persons of the most diverse origins, and traditions, princes' sons, peasants' sons, lawyers, publicans, and throw-outs from the old régime. Wellington's officers were closely around him and subordinate, and drawn from one class: and the sun has obscured the stars.

The two books are planned in different ways. Mr. Bell writes a chronological history, and the officers come in in the course of the story; Mr. Phillips gives us four separate and substantial biographies. Mr. Bell's is full of exciting accounts of conflicts, marches, conditions in the Peninsula, anecdotes of general reference; Mr. Phillips sticks to his men. Mr. Bell re-tells the charming story of Rifleman Harris, Hill, the drink and the dollar. And he rejoices in such stories as that of Robert Craufurd, who was killed, "and probably knew more about his profession than any one of Wellington's officers." He was independent, had a bitter tongue, and was "a just beast." Once two men, one a corporal, were brought before him for stealing bread from a Spanish woman. Hundreds of lashes were ordered. "The corporal, whose name was Miles, never uttered a

prisoners like myself. You sat on my knapsack. I shared my last biscuit with you. You then told me you would never forget my kindness to you. It is now in your power, sir. You know how short we have been of rations for some time?"

"The general paused. The bugle sounded. The lash came down on the naked back. The general started,

Of such spirited and inspiring anecdotes Mr. Bell's book is full. "When Lord Hill came home after the peace of 1814, his return was in its way a triumph. At Birmingham he was presented with a sword made there. 'Take it, my Lord, and it will not fail you.' 'Trust it to me,' Hill replied, 'and I shall not disgrace it.' The book ends with some grand orders issued by Wellington in 1812, after the retreat from Burgos, sensible and realistic as always, not questioning the courage of his officers, but their efficiency in controlling and feeding their men."

It is delightful reading. Mr. Phillips' book is more severe; a contribution to history rather than a gossip survey. He takes four great Cromwellian figures separately, and writes substantial biographies of them—Hampden, Philip Skippon, Blake, and Lambert. His chapters on Lambert, indeed, are so long that they might well have made a book in themselves. "Blake we know," the reader may well remark, "and Hampden we know, who became a rebel because he didn't want to pay his taxes; and handsome Jack Lambert we know, the gentleman fond of mathematics and gardening, who died, a semi-prisoner, on an island in Plymouth Sound, and was visited by Charles II. and Pepys—but who on earth was Skippon?"

Well, Skippon, a middle-aged man who had fought for the Winter Queen, was a pious but not fanatical man who,



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH, DEPICTED ON A CONTEMPORARY MEDAL: THE DUNBAR MEDAL; OBVERSE (LEFT) AND REVERSE.

The obverse shows the head of Cromwell with the battle-cry of the English Army at the Battle of Dunbar, 1650. The reverse is an excellent and faithful representation of the House of Commons in session in the old St. Stephen's Chapel.

(Reproduced from "Cromwell's Captains," by Courtesy of the Author, and the Publishers, Messrs. Heinemann.)

and turning round said: 'What's that? What's that? Stop! Take him down! Take him down! I remember it well, I remember it well.' He paced up and down the square, muttering to himself words that I could not catch, at the same time blowing his nose and wiping his face with his handkerchief, trying to hide the emotion that was evident to the whole parade. While untying the corporal, a dead silence prevailed for some time. Our gallant general recovered a little, and said in a broken voice, 'Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes?' Beckoning to his orderly to bring his horse, he mounted and rode off. It is needless to say that the other man also was pardoned, and in a few days the corporal was restored to his rank."



"A ROUGH, FOUL-MOUTHED DEVIL AS EVER LIVED, BUT HE ALWAYS BEHAVED EXTREMELY WELL ON SERVICE": LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR THOMAS PICTON, G.C.B.

Sir Thomas Picton, who was summed-up by Wellington in the words given above, served in the West Indies and became Governor of Trinidad. He was charged with cruelty to negroes and resigned in 1803. Later he served under Wellington in the Peninsular War, was wounded at Quatre Bras, and fell at Waterloo. (Reproduced from "Wellington's Officers," by Courtesy of the Author, and the Publishers, Messrs. Collins.)

word until tied up to a tree. Then, turning his head round as far as he could, and seeing the general pacing up and down the square, he said, 'General Craufurd, I hope you will forgive me.' The general replied, 'No, sir, your crime is too great.' The poor corporal, whose sentence was to be reduced to the rank and pay of a private soldier and to receive one hundred and fifty lashes (and the other man two hundred), then addressed the general to the following effect:

"Do you remember, sir, when you and I were taken prisoners under General Whitelocke at Buenos Aires? We were marched with a number of others to a sort of pound, surrounded by a wall. There was a well in the centre, out of which I drew water for the men who were



"HE ALONE COULD FEED AN ARMY": LIEUT.-GENERAL LORD BERESFORD, K.B.

Wellington did not think much of Beresford as a general in the field, but he had a high opinion of his ability as an administrator: hence the remark quoted above. He was outmanoeuvred by Soult at Albuera and was only saved by the steadiness of the British infantry.

(Reproduced from "Wellington's Officers," by Courtesy of the Author, and the Publishers, Messrs. Collins.)



A COCKADE DIPPED IN WINE AS A PLEDGE TO SUCCESS: AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR DEPICTED IN A PORTRAIT OF PRINCE RUPERT, COLONEL MURRAY, AND COLONEL RUSSELL, BY WILLIAM DOBSON (1610-1646).

The picture above shows Prince Rupert (left) and Colonel the Honourable John Murray (centre) endeavouring to persuade Colonel Russell, who has thrown up his commission in disgust, to rejoin the Royalist cause. Murray is dipping the cockade of his hat in a glass of wine as a pledge to success.

(Reproduced from "Cromwell's Captains," by Courtesy of the Author, and the Publishers, Messrs. Heinemann.)

before the Civil War broke out, had written devotional works in prose and verse, and the reason why he has not been much heard of is disclosed by Mr. Phillips in a parenthesis. "Skippon, of whom no biography has yet been written, represents the best type of the God-fearing Puritan soldier; he had no political gifts, and he could not move multitudes, but he was brave and simple and generous, and was one of the prime creators of the New Model. He played a much larger part than most historians have given him credit for, and thoroughly deserves a closer acquaintance. Perhaps the most interesting part of his story is the Battle of Lostwithiel, an action which (Cromwell not having been there) has been much neglected, though it was quite as important as Marston Moor, was Charles's only considerable victory, and was fought in one of the most romantic places in England, where Tristram and Iseult pursued their tragic love."

But Blake remains the wonder. Nine people out of ten, if asked about his career, would probably say: "I expect that he went to sea as a cabin-boy." Far from it; this man, "second only to Nelson in our maritime story," and "the true founder of the Navy," was an Oxford man (definitely "left-wing" there), with a degree, tried to get a Fellowship at Merton (being rejected because he was too small), and was a merchant and a soldier before he first took to the sea at the ripe age of forty-five. Then he proceeded to group himself with Drake and Nelson.

There are many "ifs" in history. Napoleon's father thought of sending him into the British Navy; Mr. Maurice Baring has conjectured that had that happened he might have finished up in St. Helena for cheating at cards on the China Station. What would have happened to Blake had Merton given him that Fellowship?—and what to the British Navy? None can tell.

Even one who regrets the Great Rebellion and its still persisting results must admit that here are the lives of four stout Englishmen, who exercised the Englishman's privilege, not yet lost, of differing from the Government. It is an outstanding book. Perhaps somebody will now do a book about Charles's captains—though, of course, they lost.

* "Wellington's Officers." By Douglas Bell. Illustrated. (Collins; 12s. 6d.)

"Cromwell's Captains." By C. E. Lucas Phillips. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 16s.)



WHEN THE SEA IS ALMOST HIDDEN BY HEAVING CARPETS OF BIRDS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OFF THE WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA, WHERE LINERS OFTEN PLOUGH THROUGH MILES AND MILES OF GUANAY CORMORANTS ON THEIR FISHING GROUNDS; SHOWING PELICANS AND A FRIGATE-BIRD IN FLIGHT.



WHERE THE NOISE OF SCUTTILING CORMORANTS AS THEY ROSE OR DIVED TO AVOID THE SHIP WAS LIKE "THE RUSHING OF A RIVER IN SPATE": THE BIRDS DARKENING THE SEA TO THE HORIZON; AND FLYING BEFORE THE SHIP.

Mr. Charles te Water, South African High Commissioner in London, thus describes these photographs, which he took on a voyage from San Francisco to Valparaiso: "It is an everyday, but never-to-be-forgotten, experience for the traveller voyaging down the west coast of South America to find the ship ploughing through miles of cormorants on their fishing grounds, literally passing through and over the birds. The noise of scuttling cormorants as they rise or dive to avoid the ship

is like the rushing of a river in spate. The group of birds seen in flight (in the upper photograph) is made up of pelicans and a solitary frigate-bird. The pelican, like the gannet, fishes from the air, diving in from about thirty feet." Frigate-birds, it will be recalled, are very swift on the wing, and often play the pirate, pursuing boobies, pelicans, cormorants and gulls and forcing them to disgorge fish which they have caught, while still in the air.

WITH A FIJIAN DANCE-SONG FOR THE KING'S CORONATION; AND CURATIVE MASKS: WORLD DANCES SEEN BY CARL WERNTZ.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF WALKER'S GALLERIES AND OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)



"SING-SING" HEAD-DRESSES IN NEW GUINEA—IN THE EXHIBITION OF CARL WERNTZ DRAWINGS AT WALKER'S GALLERIES.

Dried heads of giant sword- or sawfish are impressively worn as towering masks by grass-costumed dancers in a New Guinea "Sing-Sing." Though at times brought down to the seaports to perform for cruises and state events, these startling creatures are more "themselves" when discovered dancing along a back river bank in the twilight. The Papuans of New Guinea are great primitive theatrical designers, doubtless inspired by the beauty of the magnificent fish that abound in the reefs throughout and the gorgeous array of the aboriginal birds-of-paradise, whose feathers are unstintingly used.



TAHITIAN BOYS DANCING TO MAINTAIN THEIR SOCIAL POSITION WITH THE WOMEN, WHOSE PERFORMANCES ARE, OF COURSE, WORLD-RENOWNED: AT MOANO, PAPEETE.

The romantic fame of Tahitian women's beauty and the popularity of their languorous and somewhat embarrassing dances have forced the young men of that South Sea island to originate vigorous dance patterns in order to hold their position as lords and masters. In this dance, which precedes a great, joyous native feast, wooden steps of three levels—one for each dancer—are used. When the feast is ready the boys leap into their dance, the success of which elevates the dancers socially as the steps do literally.



A PROCESSION OF DANCE-MASKS AND GIANTS IN BALI, WATCHED BY CHILDREN, WHO, THERE, ARE KEEN "DANCE-FANS."

Describing this scene, Mr. Carl Werntz writes: "Rounding a sharp corner of a country road, we nearly ran over a group of 'giants' preceded by brilliantly coloured heads in boxes. The spectacular revelry turned out, in reality, to be a twilight dance procession of carved masks and wicker characters, familiar characters in Balinese dances, on route to a particular temple where special obeisance was performed. Stops were made at frequent intervals to give short dance performances. The audiences along the shadowy roadways are largely of children, for children in Bali play at all the arts and even the tiniest are appreciative spectators at all dances."



KATHA KALI DANCERS AT TRIVANDRUM, TRIVANDRUM: THE PERFORMERS IN RICE-PASTE MASKS BEHIND A FLAME IN AN OIL-BOWL.

A stylized drama dating from the sixteenth century, the Katha Kali charms by its appealing songs, its drums and cymbals, its acting, its costumes, make-ups and dances. The great, circular head-dresses and full skirts of the actors remind one of a Russian ballet. The dances are performed before a sheer white curtain and behind a flame which burns in an oil-bowl. Most memorable in the Katha Kali dances are the amazing make-ups, which require five to eight hours of labour to build on the dancer's face, the rice-paste mask that is elaborately painted in terrific colours and with precise meaning.



DANCING AS A CURE FOR ILLNESS: A PROFESSIONAL DEVIL-DANCER PERFORMING BEFORE AN INVALID OLD WOMAN AT NEGOMBO, CEYLON.

Of this dance Mr. Werntz writes: "Professional Devil Dancers attached to the old temples in Ceylon add dramatic picturesqueness to the native religious festivals and processions of that flowering island. Sometimes still called upon to heal the sick, they respond, with uncanny, traditional ceremonies and much shouting. Here an elderly woman is being treated by a masked Devil Dancer whose medicine includes other symbolic masks reposing in the leafy shrine at the right. When we passed that house a week later and asked how the invalid responded to treatment, the reply, 'Lady no sick now/suggested, once again, that many physical troubles are really mental.'"

In the past, Mr. Carl Werntz, the well-known American traveller and artist, has contributed a number of most interesting pictures to "The Illustrated London News." The drawings reproduced on these pages are to be seen in his exhibition, "World Dances," at Messrs. Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street. The exhibits range from drawings of a Hopi snake-dance in Arizona, a Guatemala "Paul Jones," or a Fan dancer of Fiji, to a Papuan "Lambeth Walk." China is represented by Mei Lan Fang, a leading actor, as a *dansette*. There are a number of Balinese scenes, and some remarkable records of African dancing, including a Pygmy warriors' dance seen in the

Congo. Describing his experiences, Mr. Werntz writes: "Primitive peoples dance because driving power from emotional ecstasy or grief cannot be repressed. The dancers may not be too certain as to how or why a given dance may have originated—so inextricably are their oldest traditions intermingled with religious and social customs—but, whether embroidering an appeal to their gods, offering gratitude for joys, or consolation for sorrow, there is always the sympathetic collaboration between the artist's irrepressible desire to create and the audience's thorough knowledge of the stories and symbolism presented."

A KING GEORGE VI. CORONATION SONG—IN FIJIAN: PERFORMING THE VAKAMALOLO, WHICH TELLS OF THE WONDERS OF THE CEREMONY IN LONDON, AT SUVA.

Six young women, doubtless Fiji's most noted singers and dancers, do the seated Coronation Song-Dance, composed by native poets and musicians to honour King George VI. With expressive movement of the hands, the song tells of the huge gathering of people and chiefs from all parts of the Empire and the magnificent clothing and precious stones worn by the chiefs and princes. Reference is also made to "the pleasant appearance" of the Fiji representatives. The "glitter of the Crown," says the song, is like the glow of tiled soil. The performance concludes with the National Anthem, sung in Fijian.



ON THE EBRO, SCENE OF NATIONALIST ARTILLERY WORK; AERIAL HAVE MADE SOME

SEVEN FRANCO OFFENSIVES: CO-OPERATION; AND INFANTRY WHO HARD-WON GAINS.



WITH GENERAL FRANCO'S TROOPS ON THE EBRO: (1) MEN CROUCHING IN A HASTILY DUG TRENCH, OBSERVER AT HIS OBSERVATION POST—(4, 5, 6) THREE STAGES IN A NATIONALIST BOMBARDMENT; WHOSE DUTY IT IS TO TRANSMIT DETAILS OF AIRCRAFT MOVEMENTS—(7) NATIONALIST TROOPS USING GIVE THE POSITION OF NATIONALIST POSTS TO THEIR

WAITING FOR A COUNTER-ATTACK—(8) A TANK CAPTURED FROM THE REPUBLICANS—(9) AN ARTILLERY WITH SHELLS FALLING IN VARIOUS PATTERNS, AND THE SMOKE FROM PREVIOUS BURSTS—(7) A LOOK-OUT - HAND-GRENADES, APPARENTLY OF A "HOME-MADE" VARIETY—(9) LAYING DOWN GROUND STRIPS TO AIRCRAFT—(10) A RUNNER GETTING HIS INSTRUCTIONS.

The seventh Nationalist offensive against the sector held by the Republicans on the west bank of the Ebro opened on October 31. It will be recalled that this sector was overrun after a surprise crossing of the river by the Republicans last July. Since then the Nationalists have made repeated efforts to regain this ground, all unsuccessful. In the course of these attacks, they must have suffered very considerable casualties to little purpose. The reason

for this persistence may be prestige and the determination to regain Nationalist territory taken by the "Reds," or, possibly, the fact that Nationalist strategists consider it unwise to leave the Republicans with a bridge-head on the river, which might threaten the rear of troops operating against Valencia. The seventh offensive opened with a very heavy bombardment both from the air and artillery, and, after four days' fighting, some ground

was gained. The Republican defence seems to have been well organised, depending largely on a system of machine-gun posts with crossing fire. Their artillery positions, it appears, were mostly on the eastern bank of the river. When positions were captured by the Nationalists under cover of a heavy bomb and artillery barrage, they were often lost again by counter-attacks from the Republican reserve lines made at nightfall when Nationalist artillery

and air co-operation was not possible. On November 3 the Nationalists reported that their right wing had advanced as far as the river. They also opened sluice gates higher up the Ebro, which was already swollen, and in this way broke down vital Government bridges. As we go to press the bridges are reported to be reconstructed and the Nationalist troops still held up outside the key village of Mora de Ebro.

THE SEVEN INTERESTS OF WOMAN EXHIBITED: THE WOMAN'S FAIR.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY WILLIAM DAVIS.



A REPLICA OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S BEACH HOUSE AT SANTA MONICA—BUILT IN TRADITIONAL ADOBE SPANISH MISSION STYLE, WITH GLAZED TILE COPINGS.



THE INTERIOR OF THE REPLICA OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S BEACH HOUSE AT SANTA MONICA: A VIEW OF THE YOUNG FILM-STAR'S BREAKFAST-ROOM.



A REPLICA OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S BEDROOM IN HER BEACH HOUSE WITH HER PORTRAIT BY SIR JOHN LAVERY (ON RIGHT).



IN THE HOLLYWOOD GARDENS SECTION OF THE WOMAN'S FAIR: A FORMAL SPANISH-AMERICAN PATIO GARDEN WITH A WEALTH OF TROPICAL VEGETATION.



THE INFORMAL WATER-GARDEN PLANTED WITH BEAUTIFUL CALIFORNIAN FERNS AND WATER-PLANTS: A RESTFUL FEATURE OF THE WOMAN'S FAIR.



"BUILT FOR LAZINESS ON THE GRAND SCALE": THE IDEAL WEEK-END COTTAGE—A VIEW OF THE COMFORTABLE LIVING-ROOM.

The Woman's Fair and Exhibition, which opened at Olympia on November 2, has proved enormously popular and will have been seen by many thousands before it closes on November 26. On this page we show some of the features of the Hollywood Gardens section, which includes a replica of Shirley Temple's Beach House at Santa Monica, and the living-room of an ideal week-end cottage, described by the architect as "built for laziness on the grand scale." The exhibition can claim

to be the first ever organised to present every possible interest of women on such a lavish scale and has as its foundation the seven main interests of women—the home, children, food, fashion, beauty, careers, and leisure. The attractions include "Everybody's Pets' Corner"; electrical and gas displays; "Mother and Her Children" section; "Seven Ages of Make-up" section; and the Palace of Colour and Light, in which will be found twelve "Queens of Loveliness."

A NEW REMBRANDT FOR THE NATION: THE BUCCLEUCH "SASKIA."

BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



A MASTERPIECE OF REMBRANDT'S EARLY PERIOD ACQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY: HIS WIFE SASKIA AS FLORA
—A PORTRAIT DATED 1635, NOW RESTORED BY CLEANING TO ITS ORIGINAL BEAUTY OF COLOUR.

This portrait by Rembrandt of his wife, Saskia van Uylenburgh, as Flora, formerly in the Duke of Buccleuch's collection, has been purchased by the National Gallery with the aid of the National Art-Collections Fund. An official note says: "The picture is signed and dated 1635, and, although this signature is evidently false, the date is probably correct, as our picture is closely related to the version of Saskia as Flora in the Hermitage, dated 1634, though it marks an advance in composition. The picture measures 49 by 38 ins. It shows Saskia wearing rich oriental draperies, of which Rembrandt had a large collection. The spectacle of this homely young woman dressed up in these fantastic clothes would have been ridiculous in the hands of any other painter. Rembrandt has

triumphed over his subject by his pictorial splendour and complete sincerity. He has made no attempt to idealise Saskia, but her plain face is painted with such love as to become almost beautiful. The Buccleuch 'Saskia,' long known to connoisseurs, was exhibited at the Royal Academy last winter, but it was then covered by yellow varnish which obscured its freshness and vigour. Now the picture has been cleaned and its original beauty of colour revealed. It proved to be in excellent condition. The picture was formerly in the Fortescue collection and figured in the Duc de Tallard sale of 1756. By about 1780 it was owned by the Duke of Montagu and was inherited in 1790 by his daughter, wife of the third Duke of Buccleuch."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A VERY CURIOUS SHELL.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IN my small collection of molluscan shells I have one which has long puzzled me and, being anxious to end the mystery of its strange peculiarity, I recently sought the aid of someone who is a recognised expert on the mollusca. But he was unable to help me. Since it is interesting in itself, I now bring it to the notice of my readers, and in the hope that one or other of them may be able to solve my problem. The shell in question is that of *Distortrix anus*, which, unfortunately, has no name in common speech. It differs, so far as I can make out, from all others among the spirally-coiled univalves in that the last whorl, instead of turning forwards in orderly sequence with the whorls behind it, has, so to speak, been pulled backwards so as to partly cover the whorl immediately behind it. A glance at Fig. 1 will make this at once apparent. Furthermore, from the hinder margin of the outer border of the shell-mouth there runs a thin shelf, which extends round and forwards to terminate on the upturned cleft which forms the groove for the siphon, or breathing-tube. This can only be regarded as an "exuberance" of growth, for it can, apparently, serve no useful function.

But this "overlapping" of the last whorl is no "final phase" of development marking the attainment of the maximum growth of the species, for it can be traced in each of the other whorls behind this last whorl but one. For each of these, in turn, in the course of growth, was "the last whorl." It is, in short, the mode of growth of this species. The shell as a whole, it will be noted, is marked by strongly marked ridges, crossed by smaller transverse ridges showing a tendency to thicken into "knobs" or tubercles, giving a beautiful sculptured appearance, which is completed by the deep groove which runs round the outer border of the mouth of the shell.

The effectiveness of this sculpturing is enhanced by pale coffee-coloured bands running transversely to the long axis of the shell. The mouth of the shell is surprisingly small, and marked by a deep trough along its outer border. Tubercles along the rim of this trough still further restrict its size.

What explanation is to be found for these curious singularities of growth? The answer is—none! But failure here does not destroy their interest. It should, indeed, stimulate it by inciting comparison with other shells. And in making this comparison it will help not a little to bear in mind that the univalve molluscs—or "shellfish," as they are commonly, but quite inaccurately, called—form one of two great groups, the other being the "bivalves," such as oysters and mussels, wherein the body is enclosed between two more or less saucer-shaped shells, which open and close by means of a hinge. But of these I shall have more to say on another occasion.

The univalve molluscs all have a head, bearing the mouth and eyes and a long, ribbon-like tongue

univalve the body is enclosed within a limy shell, but when crawling, that portion which forms the "foot"—usually very large—is thrust out and is surmounted by the head. But this shell is, in the great majority of species, spirally coiled. Learned men have explained how this coiling came about. Their explanations, however, are all highly technical and by no means complete. But coiled they are, and this,



1. A VERY CURIOUS MARINE SHELL WHOSE LAST WHORL, OR FINAL CHAMBER OF THE SHELL, TURNS BACKWARDS SO THAT IT PARTLY COVERS THE WHORL BEHIND IT—A PROCESS OF "OVERLAPPING" FOUND ONLY IN THE GENUS *DISTORTRIX*.



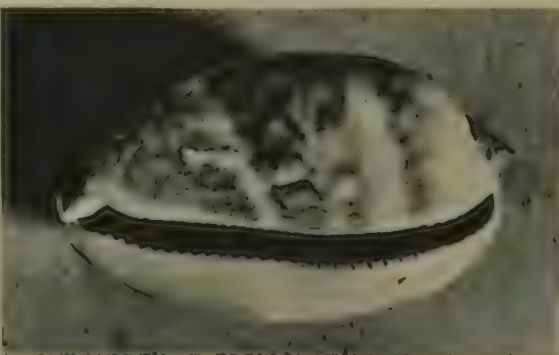
2. HAVING THE WHORLS SUCCEEDING ONE ANOTHER IN REGULAR SEQUENCE, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE LONG AXIS OF THE SHELL: THE SPINDLE-SHELL (*FUSUS*).

This has a world-wide distribution and shows this mode of growth better even than the whelk.

too, in a surprising number of different ways when one comes to examine them in detail. For the most part, the spiral is in the direction of the long axis of the shell, and the whorls, or chambers of the shell,



3. A SPECIES IN WHICH THE WHORLS ARE SUPERIMPOSED, SO THAT THE APEX OF THE SHELL IS ON THE TOP OF A SYSTEM OF COILS AROUND A VERTICAL AXIS: *TROCHUS NILOTICUS*, OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.



4. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE SPINDLE-SHELL: A COWRIE-SHELL, SHOWING A SPIRE (ON RIGHT) OF NO MORE THAN TWO WHORLS.

The rest of the shell consists of a single enlarged whorl. During life, the surface is covered by a fold from the foot.

growing successively larger, follow in orderly sequence, as in the spindle-shell (*Fusus*) (Fig. 2). In others the direction of the spiral is at right-angles to the long axis of the shell, so that its apex towers above the mouth, as in *Trochus* (Fig. 3), or it may be completely reversed, so that the apex of the shell lies under the mouth! In one of the large land-snails (*Helicophanta*) this apex is found on the right side of the shell, but the hinder-whorls are so reduced that the cavity is almost entirely formed by the terminal whorl, which presents an enormous aperture. This reduction of the hinder whorls is extreme in the cowries (*Cyprea*), where the apex of the spire is found as a mere vestige (Fig. 4), and in many species even this has vanished altogether. And here again we get a shell-cavity formed by a single whorl instead of a series of chambers. But the aperture stands in the strongest contrast with that of *Helicophanta*, since

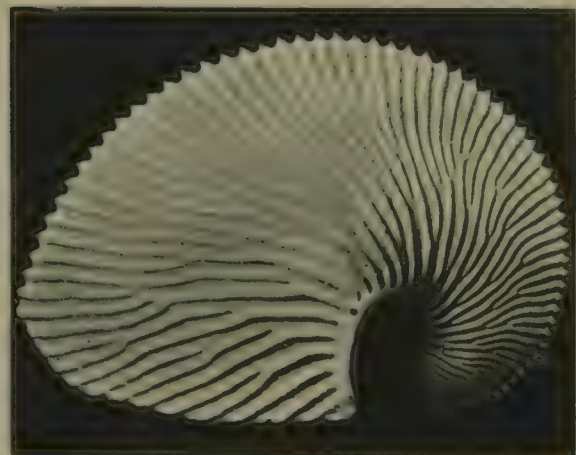
it is reduced to a long slit running the whole length of the shell. In the limpet (*Patella*) the disappearance of the spiral is universal, for it consists of nothing but a cone-shaped cup. Finally, there are some wherein the shell has undergone a process of uncoiling, so that it forms a long tube with a very open twist. In some of the fossil ammonites it went further still, resulting in a straight tube, slightly coiled at each end!

I have given, of course, no more than the broad facts of this spiral coiling of the shell, because I want to refer, at least, to the ornamentation of the shell, which often takes the form of spines of great length or of complicated frills arranged in bands across the shell. This ornamentation, however, is so varied and so strange that it must form the theme of a separate essay on another occasion, for it raises some very important problems. Not all the univalve molluscs have shells, however, as, for example, the slugs. But herein, wherever this defenceless state is found, there is evidence to show that they are the descendants of shell-covered ancestors. In the slugs a small, thin, flat plate of shell is all that is left of this ancestral habitation. In the cuttle-fishes the shell, in a strangely modified form, is found within the body, either as a thin, horny, transparent, more or less lance-shaped support for the body, or as the long, oval, and fairly thick structure known as "cuttle-fish bone" which is sometimes placed in cages containing small birds

to enable them to keep the beak from overgrowing. At one time it used to be ground up for tooth-powder, and for aught I know may still be an ingredient thereof.

But besides these we have a fairly large group known as the "Nudibranchs" which are marineslug-like creatures; generally of brilliant colours and bearing long and sometimes plumed, tentacle-like out-growths serving as gills. Here there is no trace whatever of a shell. The more closely we come to examine a collection of shells the more will they grow in our esteem—not as so many "curiosities of Nature," but as illustrations of subtle and infinitely varied modes of growth within the confines of a single group. But these shells, be it remembered, present only half the story. We have also to take into consideration their early developmental history, as revealed by the egg and the free-swimming "larva." For the nascent or "larval" mollusc presents not the remotest resemblance to the adult stage. And we find these larvæ differ as much among the different species as do the adults. And

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6. BEAUTIFULLY SCULPTURED AND TRANSPARENT: THE PAPER-NAUTILUS SHELL, WHICH IS DEVELOPED ONLY BY THE FEMALE AS A DEPOSITORY FOR HER EGGS.

This shell is held in position by two modified arms turned round under it.

here again we get the same diversity in departures from the type, for there are some, as, for example, in our pond-snails, wherein the whole larval stage is passed within the egg. But here is another story.



5. AS IN THE COWRIES, HAVING THE SPIRE (ON RIGHT) REDUCED ALMOST TO VANISHING POINT: A CONE-SHELL WHICH, IN LIFE, IS CONCEALED BY A FLESHY FOLD.

armed with teeth. This "lingual-ribbon" is a very remarkable structure, for these teeth present a most astonishing range in their size, shape, number, and arrangement. In the great grey slug as many as 40,000 have been recorded, and in the Chinese umbrella-shell as many as 750,000! In the typical



THE RIGHT HON. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN AND FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.

"... We must renew our determination to fill up the deficiencies that yet remain in our armaments and in our defensive precautions so that we may be ready to defend ourselves and make our diplomacy effective. . . ." (From the Prime Minister's speech in the House of Commons, October 3, 1938.)

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KING GEORGE VI'S SECOND OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THEIR MAJESTIES GO IN STATE TO A CEREMONY AT WHICH THE KING ANNOUNCED THEIR VISIT TO THE U.S.A.

The King and Queen drove in the great gold State coach from the Palace to the House of Lords on November 8, for the opening of Parliament. This is the second session opened by King George VI. The procession was accompanied by a Sovereign's escort of Life Guards. The King's Speech on this occasion was made notable by the announcement that their Majesties would visit the United States. After speaking

of the pleasure with which he and the Queen were looking forward to their visit to Canada next year, the King went on: "I have been happy to accept an invitation extended to the Queen and Myself by the President to visit the United States of America before the conclusion of My Canadian tour. I warmly welcome this practical expression of the good feeling that prevails between our countries." (Planet.)

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



M. PAUL REYNAUD.
Succeeded M. Marchandeau as French Minister of Finance on his resignation on November 1. Was formerly Minister of Justice. Is a firm believer in the policy of all-round sacrifices, and after drawing up a financial and economic inventory of France in five days submitted his plan to M. Daladier on November 7.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES KNOX.
A distinguished soldier. Died on November 1; aged ninety-two. Served in South Africa from 1899 to 1900, and was one of the most successful commanders in the operations which followed the occupation of the Boer capitals. Served in Bechuanaland Expedition, 1884-85. Commanded Regimental District, Bodmin, 1895-99.



MOVER OF THE LOYAL ADDRESS: MR. M. HELY-HUTCHINSON.
Conservative Member for Hastings since 1937. Moved the Loyal Address in reply to the King's Speech at the Opening of Parliament on November 8. Is a banker, director of several City companies, and a member of the Milk Marketing Board. Served Great War, 1915-18.



SECONDER OF THE LOYAL ADDRESS: MR. S. F. MARKHAM.
National Labour Member for South Nottingham since 1935. Seconded the Loyal Address in reply to the King's Speech at the Opening of Parliament. Was Labour M.P. for Rochester (Chatham Division) 1929-31 and Secretary of the Museums Association from 1929 to 1932.



MRS. J. ADAMSON.
Elected Labour M.P. for Dartford (Kent) on November 8, with a majority of 4238 over her National Conservative opponent. The Conservative majority at the last election was 2646. Her husband is Labour M.P. for Cannock, Staffs., and they will be the fourth case of husband and wife sitting in the House together.



MR. M. SHIGEMITSU.
The new Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Arrived in London on October 25. Has been Ambassador to Moscow for two years and during the Great War was Secretary at the Embassy in London. In 1933 he was appointed Vice-Minister at the Foreign Office. He presented his credentials on November 4.



THE CREW OF AIRCRAFT NO. 1: (FROM L. TO R.)
SQUADRON-LEADER R. KELLETT, LEADER OF THE FLIGHT; FLIGHT-LIEUT. R. T. GETTING; AND PILOT-OFFICER M. L. GAINE, SIGNALS OFFICER.



THE CREW OF AIRCRAFT NO. 3: (FROM L. TO R.)
FLIGHT-LIEUT. A. N. COMBE, FIRST PILOT; FLIGHT-LIEUT. B. K. BURNETT, NAVIGATOR; AND SERGEANT H. B. GRAY, WIRELESS OPERATOR.



THE CREW OF AIRCRAFT NO. 2: (FROM L. TO R.)
FLIGHT-LIEUT. H. A. V. HOGAN, FIRST PILOT; FLIGHT-LIEUT. R. G. MUSSON, NAVIGATOR; AND SERGEANT T. D. DIXON, WIRELESS OPERATOR.

A ROYAL AIR FORCE ACHIEVEMENT: CREWS OF THE THREE LONG-DISTANCE RECORD-BREAKING MACHINES.

On other pages in this issue will be found photographs dealing with the record-breaking flight of three Vickers Wellesley bombers of the R.A.F. Long Range Unit. Here we show the crews of the three aircraft. In each case the navigator acted as second pilot and the signals officer of

the unit and the wireless operators were also qualified pilots. Aircraft Nos. 1 and 3 flew non-stop to Darwin, a distance of 7162 miles, while Aircraft No. 2 landed at Koepang in the Island of Timor owing to shortage of petrol. All three beat the previous world's long-distance record.



THE POLISH JEW WHO SHOT A GERMAN DIPLOMAT IN PARIS: GRYSBAN (SECOND FROM LEFT) PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER HIS ARREST.

Herr von Rath, Third Secretary of the German Embassy in Paris, was seriously wounded on November 7 when attacked with a revolver by Herschel Feibel Grynspan, a Polish Jew born in Hanover in 1921. A complicated operation was necessary to save Herr von Rath's life. Grynspan is stated to have told the police that he wished to avenge his co-religionists persecuted under National-Socialist rule.



SAVED AT THE LAST MINUTE BY THE CROMER LIFEBOAT WHEN THE SPANISH RAIDER "NADIR" SANK THE "CANTABRIA": CAPT. ARGUELLES AND HIS FAMILY.
The sinking of the Spanish Republican tramp "Cantabria" by the Nationalist armed vessel "Nadir" is fully described and illustrated on pages 886 and 887 in this issue. Captain Arguelles of the "Cantabria" remained on his ship to the last, with his wife, two children and a steward. They were rescued, just before the ship sank, by the Cromer lifeboat. Upon landing they were looked after by the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society.

ARMISTICE DAY ORIGINS: THE CENOTAPH; THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S TOMB.



THE FIRST ARMISTICE DAY CEREMONY AT THE WHITEHALL CENOTAPH, IN 1919: THE CROWD ROUND THE TEMPORARY PLASTER MONUMENT, WHICH WAS SUBSEQUENTLY REPLACED BY THE PRESENT STONE ONE.



THE FIRST OBSERVANCE OF THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE, ON NOVEMBER 11, 1919—AS A RESULT OF A SUGGESTION OF KING GEORGE V.: THE SCENE IN REGENT STREET.



THE INTERMENT OF THE BODY OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR, IN NOVEMBER, 1920: FRENCH MILITARY HONOURS FOR THE COFFIN AS IT PASSED THROUGH BOULOGNE ON ITS JOURNEY TO ENGLAND.



THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S BODY IN ENGLAND: THE COFFIN DRAWN ON A GUN-CARRIAGE, SURMOUNTED BY A STEEL HELMET AND A SOLDIER'S SIDE-ARMS; WITH PALL-BEARERS OF ALL THE SERVICES.



ONE OF THE MANY HONOURS, THE HIGHEST THE NATION COULD BESTOW, PAID TO THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR: KING GEORGE V., AS CHIEF MOURNER, SPRINKLING FRENCH EARTH UPON THE COFFIN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON NOVEMBER 11, 1920.



THE PILGRIMAGE TO THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: A DRAWING MADE IN 1920, SHOWING PEOPLE OF ALL AGES AND CLASSES PAYING MUTE HONOUR TO THE SYMBOL OF NATIONAL SACRIFICE.

Twenty years after the Armistice on the Western Front in the Great War it is interesting to look back and see the origin of the observances and monuments round which its celebration still centres. The Cenotaph in Whitehall, it will be remembered, was originally intended merely as a temporary memorial in connection with the Peace Celebrations in July, 1919. In its temporary form it was in plaster, but later, in deference to strongly expressed public feeling, it

was re-erected in permanent form, and unveiled on November 11, 1920. The body of the Unknown Warrior was brought to England in the same month. Moved with full military honours in France, it was borne across the Channel in a destroyer. In London King George V. acted as Chief Mourner. Soil from France was sprinkled on the coffin by the King, and French earth covered it in its last resting-place among the Nation's great in Westminster Abbey.

WHEN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR LED TO AN ACTION OFF CROMER: THE "NADIR" AND THE "CANTABRIA."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAVIS, UNDER THE DIRECT SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN MANUEL ARGUELLES, OF THE "CANTABRIA."



THE SPANISH REPUBLICAN TRAMP "CANTABRIA" SHELLED BY THE NATIONALIST ARMED AUXILIARY, THE "NADIR," OFF CROMER: THE "CANTABRIA" (LEFT) STOPPED AND REDUCED TO A SINKING CONDITION BY FIRE AT CLOSE RANGE.

On the afternoon of November 2, the "Cantabria," a big tramp steamer in Spanish Republican hands (5649 tons), was proceeding on a north-westerly course from the Thames to Immingham. She was in ballast and her hull was high out of the water. It was a bright autumn afternoon and around her were other cargo boats and fishing craft. Coming up astern was a motor vessel, in appearance not unlike a cross-Channel steamer. As this vessel neared the big black tramp she hoisted a large flag on her mainmast which, blowing out in the westerly breeze, revealed itself as the Spanish Nationalist colours. Then she hoisted on the halyards above her bridge the signal "Heave to!" The two vessels were now rapidly closing each other, and as the Nationalist vessel got nearer it was observed from the "Cantabria"

that she had a gun mounted on her superstructure aft the mainmast, and machine-guns on top of her bridge-house, and a couple of larger weapons mounted on the main-deck just aft the foremast. The name "Nadir" was now clearly visible to Captain Manuel Arguelles of the "Cantabria," who had not heeded the signal to stop but was still proceeding on his course. Suddenly the "Nadir" opened fire with her after-gun (apparently a twelve-pounder) and her machine-guns. The former concentrated her fire on the "Cantabria's" propeller, which was only three-quarters submerged, as the "Cantabria" was in ballast. At the same time the "Nadir" began to circle round her victim, registering several direct hits. The "Cantabria's" bridge was wrecked, her port boats were badly damaged and the funnel and

ventilators riddled. The shells from the "Nadir's" heavier guns (apparently 4-in. weapons), when they did strike the cargo boat's hull, went right through her without bursting, raising clouds of dust from the bunkers. The crew were taking what shelter they could, mostly crouching on the starboard side. The "Cantabria" had been hit on the water-line and was listing to port, but still proceeding, when a shell penetrated the engine-room, smashed a cylinder of her engine, and hit the condenser. At once she was obscured in a cloud of escaping steam, and came to a stop in a sinking condition. Meanwhile the crew of the "Nadir," clothed in nondescript sailors' garb, with Basque type berets on their heads, were shouting to the "Cantabria" to surrender the two vessels being now little more than a hundred yards apart.

Some of the frenzied crew of the cargo boat launched one of the starboard boats, and when this was seen pulling towards them the crew of the "Nadir" began jumping and dancing with delight. A second boat also got away from the "Cantabria's" starboard side, but drifted away in the approaching darkness and was picked up by the British coaster "Pattersonian." There remained on the rapidly sinking "Cantabria," now listing badly to port, the captain, his wife, two small children and the captain's steward. The Cromer lifeboat, under Coxswain Blogg, came up with the wreck and in the darkness rescued them. Some days later, the "Nadir" was again reported as active when she was seen near a sinking cargo vessel off the Belgian coast. It appears that the "Nadir" was originally one of the "Compania Transmediterranea's" vessels.

PICTORIAL NOTES ON CURRENT NEWS: HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE ACTIVITIES OF SPANISH NATIONALIST RAIDERS IN THE NORTH SEA: THE "CIUDAD DE ALICANTE" (LEFT) WITH HER PRIZE, THE "RIO MIERA," AT EMDEN.

A Nationalist armed auxiliary cruiser, "Ciudad de Alicante," captured the Spanish Government cargo boat "Rio Miera" in the North Sea on November 5 and took her into Emden, after putting a prize crew aboard. This action followed the sinking of the "Cantabria," by the Nationalist "Nadir," which is illustrated on pages 886 and 887 of this issue. The Spanish Embassy in London issued a statement alleging that Nationalist raiders had been armed in Germany. (A.P.)



GREETED BY GIRLS IN FESTIVE COSTUME: ADMIRAL HORTHY, REGENT OF HUNGARY, MOUNTED ON A WHITE CHARGER, LEADS THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION INTO KOMAROM.

On November 5 Hungarian troops began to occupy the territory ceded to Hungary by Czechoslovakia and, on the following day, Admiral Horthy, the Regent, riding a magnificent white charger, led the main body of the army of occupation across the Danube into Komárom. On arriving outside the town hall, the Hungarian Premier, M. Imredy, addressed the Regent, saying: "The great vision has materialised and Hadur has ridden on his white steed into the liberated land of our forefathers." (Wide World.)



ONE OF THE FIRST ROYAL AZTEC BIRDS REARED IN CAPTIVITY: A QUETZAL AT THE ZOO.

Several living specimens of the Quetzal—the symbolic bird of the ancient Aztec kings—were secured in Spanish Honduras last year by Dr. Wolfgang von Hagen, as described in his illustrated article in our issue of December 4, 1937, and were sent to the Zoo. Coloured illustrations appeared in our issue of January 8 last. (Fox.)



A DISASTER IN WHICH FOURTEEN PEOPLE WERE KILLED: WRECKAGE OF AN AIR LINER IN JERSEY.

On November 4 a Jersey Airways air liner crashed close to the Jersey Airport, from which it had taken off for Southampton only a minute before, and burst into flames. The thirteen people in the machine, including four women and a baby girl, were all killed, as also was a farm labourer working in a field, who was struck by the falling aeroplane. Another labourer with him at the time escaped injury. (L.N.A.)



MARSHAL BALBO UNVEILS A STATUE OF THE DUCE BEARING THE SWORD OF ISLAM.

Marshal Balbo, the Governor of Libya, is here seen speaking at the inauguration of an equestrian statue of Signor Mussolini at Tripoli, on the arrival of 20,000 Italian colonists to make homes in Libya. A notable point is that the horse is represented without reins or bridle, as the Duce has both his hands engaged, one holding the sword of Islam. (Associated Press.)



NEW BARRIERS AT THE CENOTAPH: OFFICIALS EXAMINING THE ORNAMENTAL WROUGHT-IRON RAILINGS DESIGNED BY SIR EDWIN LUTYENS AND PRESENTED ANONYMOUSLY TO REPLACE THE WOODEN BARRIERS USED IN PREVIOUS YEARS.

In place of the wooden barriers which have been used in previous years to marshal the crowds who wish to place their tributes at the Cenotaph, ornamental wrought-iron railings, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, have been presented by a man who wishes to remain anonymous. The new barrier is painted grey and has red traffic lights fitted to the posts. It will remain in position for two or three weeks. (Keystone.)



ARMISTICE SUNDAY: THE CROWD INSPECTING CROSSES PLANTED IN THE EMPIRE FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE, ADJOINING WESTMINSTER ABBEY, BY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE DOMINIONS, REGIMENTS, COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS, AND OTHER BODIES AFTER THE DEDICATION SERVICE.

Throughout the country on Armistice Sunday, November 11, ceremonies were held in remembrance of the fallen. In London the Empire Field of Remembrance, adjoining Westminster Abbey, was dedicated by the Dean of Westminster. Then representatives of the Dominions, of regiments, and of comrades' associations placed their tributes of poppy-bearing crosses on the grass lawns. The service, as in the past ten years, was attended by a large crowd. (Topical.)

A DICTATOR RELAXES; AND OTHER EVENTS: NEWS FROM THE CONTINENT.



LEAVING THE BRITISH EMBASSY CHURCH AFTER ATTENDING AN ARMISTICE SERVICE: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR IN PARIS. (A.P.)

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, who are now in Paris, attended an Armistice service at the British Embassy church on November 6. At present the Duke and Duchess are staying at the Hotel Meurice, but they have taken a two-year lease of a house in the Boulevard Suchet, Paris, owned by the Comtesse de Sabini. It was expected that the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester would meet the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in Paris on November 11 on their way home



IN THE BOULEVARD SUCHET, PARIS: THE NEW RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR, TAKEN ON A TWO-YEAR LEASE. (S. and G.)

from Africa. The meeting, which, it was emphasised, would be purely of a family nature, is the first time that a member of the Royal family has met the Duke and Duchess of Windsor since their marriage on June 3, 1937. It was arranged that the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester should fly from Marseilles to Paris in the King's aeroplane, piloted by Wing-Commander E. H. Fielden, Captain of the King's Flight.



TO ACCOMPANY KING CAROL ON HIS VISIT TO LONDON: CROWN PRINCE MICHAEL ABOARD THE DESTROYER "REGINA MARIA" IN THE BLACK SEA. (Keystone.)

King Carol and members of the Rumanian Royal family were present when the heart of the late Queen Marie was deposited recently in the Stella Maris Chapel at Balcic. The ceremony fulfilled a wish expressed in Queen Marie's will. Our photograph shows King Carol with Princess Elisabeth of Rumania in the chapel. His Majesty has arranged to pay a State visit to London on November 15, and will stay until November 18. He will be accompanied by the Crown Prince Michael, who, last



DEPOSITING QUEEN MARIE'S HEART IN THE STELLA MARIS CHAPEL AT BALCIC: KING CAROL AND PRINCESS ELISABETH OF RUMANIA AT THE CEREMONY. (A.P.)

year, represented his father at the Coronation. The Crown Prince is seen in the photograph on the left talking to officers aboard the warship "Regina Maria" during a tour of the Black Sea. King Carol and Prince Paul, Regent of Yugoslavia, discussed the international situation during a meeting at Bucharest on November 5, and it was later stated: "Complete identity of views on all questions examined was expressed."



HERR HITLER RELAXES FROM THE CARES OF STATE: THE FÜHRER (LEFT) AS GODFATHER AT THE CHRISTENING OF FIELD-MARSHAL GÖRING'S DAUGHTER, EDDA, AT KARINHALL.

The birth of a daughter to Frau Emmy Göring, the former Emmy Sonneman, a well-known actress of the Prussian State Theatre whom Field-Marshal Göring married in April, 1935, was announced on June 2. The baby was named Edda, which is the name of Countess Ciano, the daughter of Signor Mussolini and wife of the Italian Foreign Minister, and also a name closely connected with German mythology. The christening ceremony took place at Field-Marshal Göring's residence,



A DICTATOR IN LIGHTER MOOD: HERR HITLER PLAYING WITH FIELD-MARSHAL GÖRING'S BABY DAUGHTER AFTER THE CHRISTENING CEREMONY.

Karinhall, on November 4, and Herr Hitler, who acted as godfather, was present. The ceremony was performed by Reich Bishop Müller, the former head of the German Evangelical Church. Our readers are accustomed to see the Führer either inspecting troops or delivering a speech, when his expression is invariably stern. These photographs show that Herr Hitler has a more jovial side to his nature, which is only seen when he relaxes from the cares of State. (Wide World.)

ART MATTERS OF THE MOMENT: A NEGLECTED HOGARTH TRIPTYCH; AND NEW NATIONAL POSSESSIONS.



THE CHRISTMAS CRIB IN DECORATIVE ART:
A SOUTH GERMAN SHRINE OF ABOUT 1740.

The rococo spirit in decorative art prevailed in South Germany in the eighteenth century. Minor examples are the shrines or Christmas cribs popular in Bavaria. This delightful specimen has been purchased by the Victoria and Albert Museum. The painted figures, in their original silk costumes, recall the work of Egid Quirin Assam, seen in the high altar at Rohr. The crib itself is missing.



CHINESE STONE CARVING OF THE SIXTH OR SEVENTH
CENTURY: AN APSARA, OR ANGEL MUSICIAN.

This very beautiful relief of a winged musician is said to have come from the Lung Men Caves in Honan. A recent traveller described reliefs in one cave as "angel musicians, half dancing girls and half Court ladies," grouped round a central Buddha or Bodhisatva. This "apsara" figure belongs to a type of carving hitherto unrepresented in the Victoria and Albert Museum.



ENGLISH CARVING POSSIBLY OF THE GRINLING GIBBONS
SCHOOL: A MAGNIFICENT OPENWORK PICTURE-FRAME.

In seventeenth-century English mansions pictures were surrounded by openwork carving. Some movable frames formed a continuous composition, as in this magnificent example acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum. As the shield beneath a Marquess's coronet lacks arms, the owner is unknown. Hitherto such carvings have been attributed to Grinling Gibbons, but most were by his assistants. The portrait inserted is somewhat later.



This noble example of Hogarth's work in what he called "the Great Style of Historical Painting" (represented also by his pictures at St. Bartholomew's and the Foundling) has recently evoked a powerful plea by Sir Robert Witt. Writing to "The Times" he said: "In 1756 he [Hogarth] painted for the altarpiece of the beautiful Church of St. Mary Redcliffe in Bristol a large triptych of the Ascension, the Three Marys at the Tomb, and the Sealing of the Tomb... for which he received 500 guineas. . . . This triptych is 51 ft. in width and 17 ft. in height at its highest point. The triptych hung in the church

(Continued opposite.)



HOGARTH'S LITTLE-KNOWN BRISTOL ALTARPIECE TRIPTYCH IN "THE GREAT STYLE," WHICH, IT IS SUGGESTED, SHOULD BE RESTORED AND REPLACED IN ST. MARY REDCLIFFE CHURCH: (LEFT) THE SEALING OF THE TOMB; (CENTRE) THE ASCENSION; (RIGHT) THE THREE MARYS AT THE TOMB.



up to 1858, when it was transferred to the Bristol Academy for the Promotion of Fine Art, where it has remained unexhibited for many years until shown at the Bristol Church Congress Exhibition this summer. Surely so remarkable a work by an artist who has been called the father of English painting, and is recognised as at least one of the greatest painters this country has produced, should be exhibited in some suitable position." Sir Robert suggests its return to St. Mary Redcliffe. "The picture," he adds, "must be cleaned and put in proper order."

(Photographs by Courtesy of Sir Robert Witt.)



ANIMAL DESIGN IN MEDIÆVAL SIAMESE STONEWARE: A FIGURE OF A MONKEY SHOWING 'CLEVER' STYLISATION.

The above three illustrations all show recent acquisitions by the Victoria and Albert Museum. The oak chest is known to have come from the Church of St. Maclou in Rouen, noted for its west doors carved by a follower of Jean Goujon, but is nearly half a century earlier than the doors, and represents the triumph of Renaissance detail over traditional Gothic. The unfinished carving proves that the decoration was not begun till the framework was put together. The front has a central figure



A FRENCH OAK CHEST OF ABOUT 1520, FORMERLY IN A CHURCH AT ROUEN: AN UNFINISHED WORK SHOWING THE CARVER'S ORDER OF PROCEDURE.

of the Virgin and Child, amid four panels representing St. Barbara, St. Catherine, and two other unidentified female Saints.—The celadon jar and the monkey figure belong to a collection of mediæval (Sawankhalok) stoneware of the thirteenth to fifteenth centuries, in technique indebted to Chinese models and perhaps the work of immigrant Chinese potters. The jar recalls an early Ming form, but is distinct in its angled profile.



MEDIÆVAL SIAMESE (SAWANKHALOK) STONEWARE (DATING FROM THE THIRTEENTH TO FIFTEENTH CENTURIES): A CELADON GLAZED JAR AND COVER.

(Reproductions in the Upper and Lower Rows on this Page by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.)



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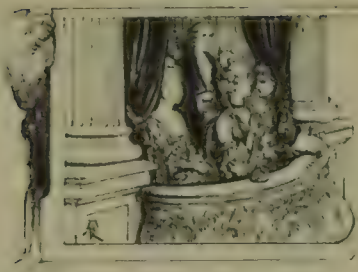


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The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"KATIA."

THE new picture at the Academy Cinema, which presents the enchanting Mademoiselle Danielle Darrieux in her latest French triumph, "Katia," follows a custom that is rapidly gaining ground where historical romances are concerned. A brief preface disarms the stickler for extreme accuracy by admitting that a certain amount of "poetic licence" has been used in dealing with the story of Tsar Alexander II. and Princess "Katia." In other words, we "have been warned" and are entirely free to accept this love-story as Princesse Marthe Bibesco, author of the novel "Démon Bleu," on which the picture is based, has chosen to shape it; free, too, to presume that time deals wondrously gently with the great ones of the earth, so that the ill-fated Alexander, actually assassinated in his sixty-third year, can remain a Prince Charming to the end and his "blue demon" can draw the veil of widowhood across a face as youthfully unlined as it was when she first charmed him in her schoolgirl days.

This release from the harsher truths of reality serves a second purpose as well, for it removes the protagonists of a story foredoomed, as we well know, to reach a tragic end, to a plane just remote enough to blunt the keener edge of sorrow. The picture, in the main, is tender and gay, and when it meets with tragedy it avoids the violence of the impact, striking a nostalgic note rather than a

to grow up into eager adolescence and develops, at her first Court ball, a lovely young dignity that presently acquires the warmth of devoted womanhood. Eager and swift she remains in her ready wit and her espousal of the people's cause, until the murder of her beloved Alexander



"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU," AT THE GAUMONT, HAYMARKET: MRS. ANTHONY KIRBY (MARY FORBES); TONY KIRBY (JAMES STEWART); ALICE SYCAMORE (JEAN ARTHUR); AND ANTHONY P. KIRBY (EDWARD ARNOLD).

The play, "You Can't Take It With You," which won the Pulitzer Prize, has been brought to the screen by Frank Capra. A review of the film is on this page.

shatters her whole world. A lonely, black-robed figure, her silent sorrow is infinitely moving. Mademoiselle Darrieux has the inestimable gift of living her parts and herein, I think, lies the secret of her supreme sincerity and the wide range of her art. Mr. Loder, revealing a fluent command of the French language, plays the Tsar on a quiet note that is an effective foil to his Katia's vivacity, whilst the rest of the company, down to the small-part players, carefully preserve the balance of a fine historical romance.

"YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU."

The Pulitzer Prize play (at the Gaumont, Haymarket), "You Can't Take It With You," by Messrs. George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, one of New York's greatest stage successes, contains and illustrates a simple philosophy—the amassing of wealth for the sake of wealth

does not lead to happiness. It is a philosophy after Mr. Frank Capra's heart, for it marches shoulder to shoulder with his unvarying championship of simple joys and brotherly love and the rights of the "little man." I think the brilliant director, nobly aided and abetted by his scenario-writer, Mr. Robert Riskin, must have tackled the job of transferring the play to the screen in a joyous spirit. At any rate, a joyous picture has resulted, a picture that wraps its message in mirth and from which you come away still steeped in a glow of kindness.

If that sounds sentimental—well, it is the sort of sentiment which in its honesty of purpose has often proved a better medicine than the cynic's bitter brews. The play has enabled Mr. Capra to seek his Utopia at home. There are horizons lost and found in "You Can't Take It With You." The millionaire banker, Anthony P. Kirby, who used to play the mouth-organ when he was young, no longer sees beyond the rising pile of gold that blots out any further vision of humanity and friendship. Old Martin Vanderhof, who suddenly discovered that the pursuit of money was preventing him from "having fun," unearthed his mouth-organ and blew a merry tune on it to which his descendants proceeded to dance. "Do what you like" is the motto of his large and exuberant household. It is, perhaps, fortunate that none of the Vanderhof offspring or their husbands or their friends liked to do anything more harmful than ballet-dancing, writing plays (because a typewriter had been delivered at the door by mistake!), making fireworks in the basement, or playing the xylophone. The motto might be dangerous, but happiness—thus one presumes the argument to run—precludes evil. The Kirbys and the Vanderhofs are brought into conflict by dual interests—those of business and of love. The millionaire wants to buy up the



"THERE GOES MY HEART," AT THE LONDON PAVILION: BILL SPENCER (FREDRIC MARCH), THE REPORTER, PLACES JOAN BUTTERFIELD (VIRGINIA BRUCE) IN A TRUNK.

The première of "There Goes My Heart" was fixed to take place at the London Pavilion on November 7, in aid of the London School for the Blind. The film concerns a rich girl who seizes an opportunity for freedom from her wealth and obtains work in a New York store. A reporter, Bill Spencer, traces her and they fall in love. There are misunderstandings before the happy ending.

ruthless discord. Alexander's first encounter with his love is on her father's estate, where she, a hoyden imbued by her French *gouvernante* with revolutionary ideas, is deputed to receive the imperial visitor, whom she invests with all the attributes of an ogre simply because he is a Romanoff. The young Tsar, however, in the person of Mr. John Loder, is anything but an ogre, and little Katia, primly prepared for a tête-à-tête dinner, yields to the charm of her smiling, handsome guest, whilst he is captivated by her lively spirit. Their friendship is renewed during her schooldays and fortified by a sleigh-ride through the wintry landscape. It flames into love at her first Court ball and survives separation after discovery of the romance by the Empress, already a hopeless invalid. Katia goes to Paris, and thither comes Alexander, invited by Napoleon III. to visit the Great Exhibition. The lovers are reunited. They spend a "day out," a delightful holiday amongst the *petite bourgeoisie*; they return to Russia together, their *liaison* is openly discussed. Court intrigue, Nihilist plots, the fears of the dying Empress for her husband's life cloud their skies, but their love remains steadfast, and to Katia's influence on the Tsar are imputed the liberal reforms for which he is famous. She is the power behind the throne, a throne she might have shared after the Tsarina's death had it not been for a Nihilist's bomb that robbed Katia of her love and Russia, we are given to understand, of a constitution.

The director, M. André Algazy, has handled his material admirably, finding in it abundant opportunity for emotional as well as pictorial variety. Rural Russia and the imposing display of the Tsarist Courts, Paris under the third Napoleon seen from a barouche that carries two Emperors, or, less ceremoniously, from the top of a horse-drawn bus, palace interiors and exteriors fill the screen with finely composed pictures of the period. Such diversity of background is happily—and, one feels, deliberately—attuned to the changing moods of that most versatile of actresses, Mademoiselle Darrieux. She is youth personified, a high-spirited child beneath the spreading trees of her family's estate. She seems literally



"KATIA," AT THE ACADEMY CINEMA: ALEXANDER II., TSAR OF RUSSIA (JOHN LODER), AND PRINCESS "KATIA" (DANIELLE DARRIEUX).

"Katia" is the screen version of Princesse Marthe Bibesco's famous novel "Démon Bleu." It features John Loder and the young French film star, Danielle Darrieux.



"FREE TO LIVE," AT THE REGAL: LINDA SETON (KATHARINE HEPBURN) SHOWS JOHNNY CASE (CARY GRANT), HER SISTER'S FIANCÉ, THE TOYS WITH WHICH THEY PLAYED WHEN CHILDREN.

"Free to Live," which it was arranged to present at the Regal on November 11, is the story of a girl, Linda Seton, who tries to conceal her affection for her sister's fiancé, and a business man who wants to retire while youthful. These two unconventional young people's fight for happiness is depicted with great realism.

whole block, including the Vanderhof home, in order to build a munition factory, and his son wants to marry Alice Vanderhof, the sanest and the fairest of the tribe. The elder Kirby's introduction into the crazy household is a prelude to its threatened disruption, but in the end Kirby Senior learns his lesson and succumbs to old Vanderhof's plan for living. The capitalist's walls fall down to the Vanderhof mouth-organ!

It is impossible to describe the wealth of incident that fills in the outline of the story with delicious comedy, or to trace the ramifications of a plot strong enough to run for two hours without a trace of effort. The Vanderhof ménage is more than a trifle "pixilated," capable of shaking surprises out of its sleeve at any moment. Even a kitten and an intelligent raven seem to have strayed in out of fairyland. And yet a warm humanity brings every element of the play into harmony and each member of a splendid company is real and lifelike. Mr. Lionel Barrymore's old grandfather exudes a Dickensian benevolence, but how shrewd a mind peeps through his impish humour! Mr. Edward Arnold's portrait of the capitalist is superb in its veracity and its restraint. Mr. James Stewart's and Miss Jean Arthur's approach to romance is refreshing in its diffidence and its gaiety. Amongst all the admirable characterisations that are smoothly welded together by Mr. Capra's inspired direction, a little cameo of a genial judge, contributed by Mr. Harry Davenport, calls for special praise, for in it the spirit of a great entertainment is summed up.

A SOURCE OF ANCIENT CHINESE POTTERY REVEALED IN INDO-CHINA.

DISCOVERIES IN ANNAM: CHINESE POTTERY KILNS OF THE HAN PERIOD (SOME AS EARLY AS 220 B.C.), AND A FEW DATING FROM THE SUNG DYNASTY (960-1280 A.D.), WITH EXAMPLES OF THEIR PRODUCTS.

By PROFESSOR O. JANSE, Corresponding Member of the French School of the Far East and Leader of the Expedition to Northern Annam.
(See Illustrations on the next three pages.)

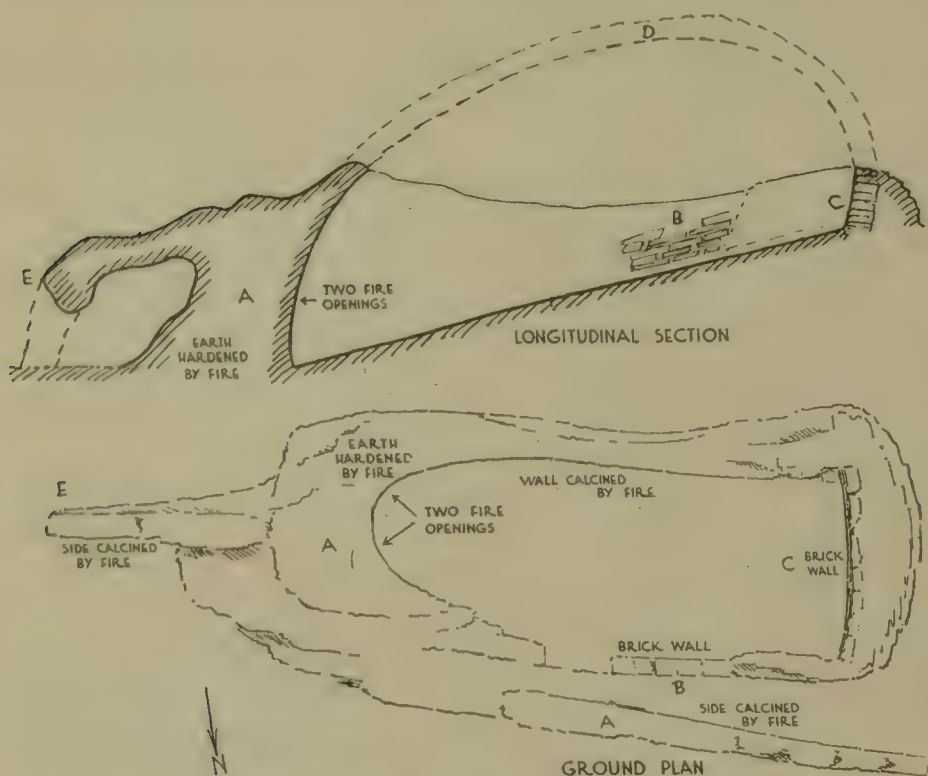
FROM time immemorial the art of pottery was especially developed in China. The magnificent polychrome vases of the Stone Age unearthed in Kansu and Honan disclosed an art which has been ceaselessly developed by the Chinese in the course of centuries and attained at various times a perfection of which the numerous products of the Han period, the celadons of the Sung, and the monochromes of the Ming are eloquent witnesses. It is evident that this ceramic art is of great interest from several points

several kilns, which must have been used simultaneously.

The kilns are made of earth hardened by fire mixed with potsherds, and sometimes partly of bricks actually partially glazed (Figs. 1, 3, and 5 to 9). Curiously enough, the walls of the Sung kiln which we unearthed had in place of bricks some rows of cylinder-shaped vases (Figs. 10 and 11). The length of the kilns varies from about 5 metres (about

Sung. Before being uncovered, all these kilns were enclosed in large, almost circular, "tunnels" measuring from 1 to 1.60 metres (i.e., from about 3½ to 5 ft.) in height, and 40 metres (about 131 ft.) in diameter (Fig. 24). Each tumulus, made of earth and fragments of pottery, contained

interlaced bamboos, and slanting streaks. Among these patterns there frequently appear Chinese letters, or the owner's signature (Figs. 12 and 15). The letters



1. A POTTERY KILN OF THE HAN PERIOD (THE TWO CENTURIES BEFORE AND AFTER CHRIST) DISCOVERED AT TAM-THO, IN THE THANH-HOA PROVINCE OF ANNAM, SHOWN IN DIAGRAMS—(UPPER) LONGITUDINAL SECTION; (LOWER) GROUND PLAN.

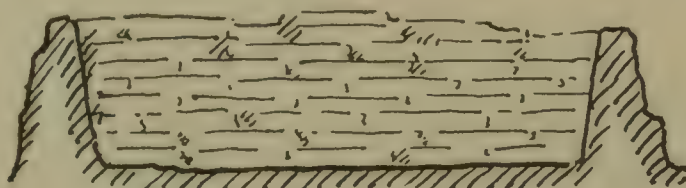
This kiln (classified as No. 1.A) is built of earth hardened by fire (A) and of bricks (B and C). It is believed to have had an arching roof (D). The purpose of the projection (E) on the left has not been determined.

of view, and one can easily understand that archaeologists and historians of art become absorbed in such an attractive study as that of Chinese pottery and its evolution.

Thanks to important researches, our knowledge of the ceramic products of ancient China is quite extensive, but on the other hand, we have little information regarding the methods of manufacture used. Even though it has been possible in China to identify several centres of manufacture where kilns must have existed, especially those of the Sung period,* yet we do not know their form and arrangement, for no systematic excavation was practicable.

A few recent discoveries in Northern Annam, which during the first millennium after Christ was a Chinese colony, have, however, brought some new facts to our knowledge. In the course of the last archaeological mission to Annam† with which I had been entrusted by the Paris Museum and the French School of the Far East, M. G. Coedès, the eminent Director of the French School, had authorised me to prospect with the object of searching for Chinese pottery kilns presumed to exist in Indo-China, but of which no trace had so far been found. It was at the beginning of this year that I undertook that work. The search was successful and resulted in the discovery of about twenty kilns, all along the Thanh-hoa-Nong-Cong road, and in particular near the village of Tam-tho (Fig. 20).

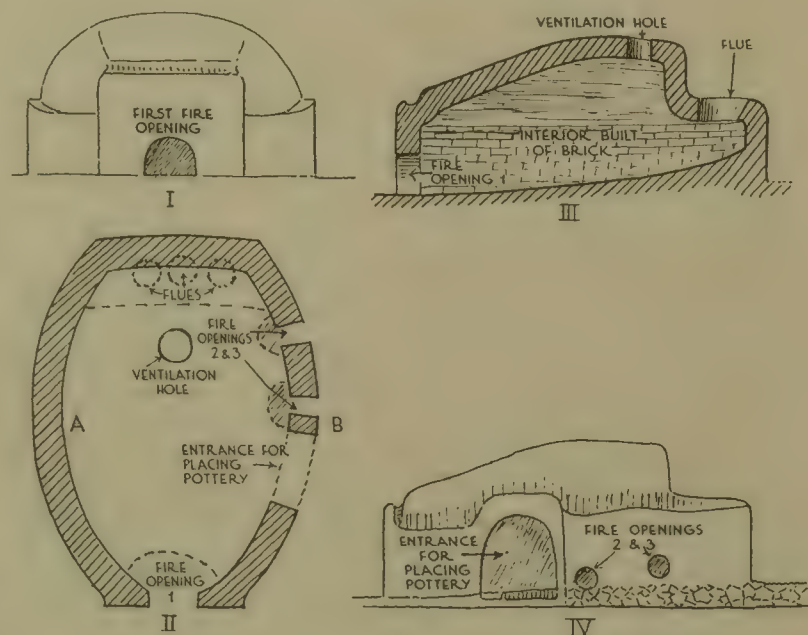
The greater part of these monuments are of the Han period, some probably belonging to the earlier reigns of the Han Dynasty (220 B.C.-9 A.D.). A small number of these kilns date from the Sung period (960-1280 A.D.). Up to the present we have unearthed six kilns of the Han period, and only one of the



3. THE BRICK WALL AT THE BACK OF THE KILN, SHOWN (AT C) ON THE RIGHT IN FIG. 1.

the fire (Figs. 6 to 11). This step, or ledge, which is always to be found at the lower end of the kiln, served to separate the furnace from the place reserved for the baking of the pottery. It should be mentioned also that the Sung kiln had a projecting portion of wall at right-angles with the back wall (Fig. 11). This portion was perhaps designed to reinforce this part of the kiln. It is not yet possible to state whether the baking was done by the usual draught method or by arrested draught (*enfumage*). Perhaps some new discoveries will elucidate this point.

With reference to the ceramic products of the kilns, I will only speak here of those of the Han kilns, as those of the Sung kiln are of less interest. Let us mention first some important series of fragments of vases, bowls, basins, and so on (Fig. 21) several of which are similar in form to those reproduced in Figs. 12 and 15. The decoration comprises various geometrical motifs, principally lozenges, squares,



4. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE DIAGRAMS OF THE HAN KILN SHOWN IN FIG. 1: A MODERN POTTERY KILN NEAR THE BRIDGE OF HAM-RONG, THANH-HOA PROVINCE, ANNAM—(I) FRONT VIEW; (II) GROUND PLAN; (III) LONGITUDINAL SECTION; (IV) EXTERIOR OF SIDE B. IN GROUND PLAN.

First the fire is lit in the opening No. 1 (shown in Diagrams II and III). When the pottery there is well baked, that fire is extinguished. Next the fire is lit in the side openings 2 and 3.

* See James M. Plummer's articles in *The Illustrated London News* of Oct. 26, 1933, and March 13 and 20, 1937.

† See *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 25, 1937.

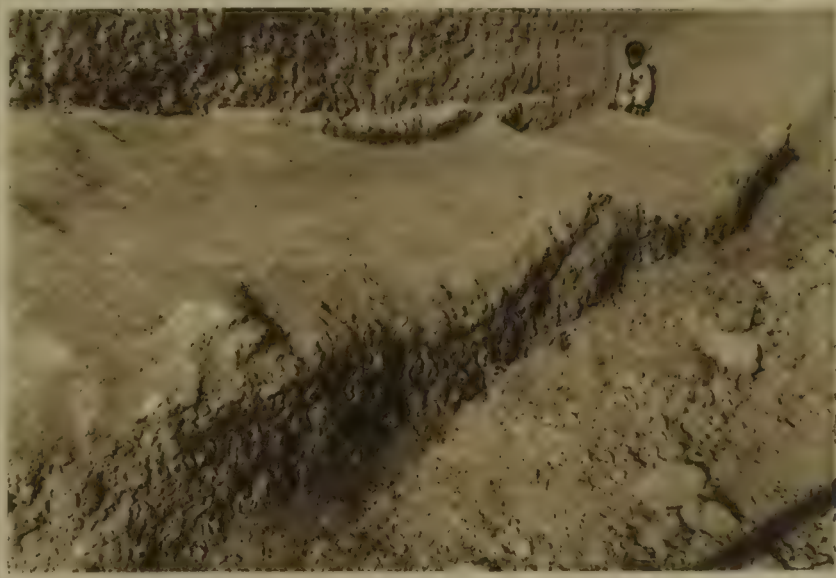
‡ See Professor Janse's article in *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 28, 1935.

BIRTHPLACES OF COLLECTORS' TREASURES: HAN AND SUNG POTTERY KILNS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF THE FAR EAST EXPEDITION. (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)



5. A SIDE VIEW OF THE HAN POTTERY KILN NO. I.A (SEE FIG. 1, OPPOSITE) NEAR THE VILLAGE OF TAM-THO, THANH-HOA PROVINCE, ANNAM. THE TWO FIRE-OPENINGS ARE AT THE SIDE WHERE THE MAN IS STANDING.



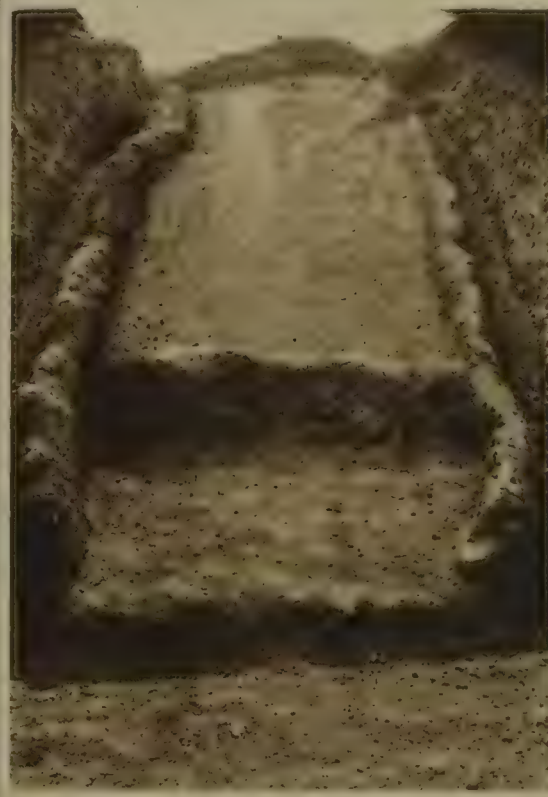
6. ANOTHER HAN POTTERY KILN (CLASSIFIED AS NO. II.) AT TAM-THO, SEEN FROM THE SIDE. THE STEP AND THE APERTURE OF THE FIRE IS SITUATED NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THE BOY IS SITTING.



7. SHOWING CLEARLY THE STEP (BEHIND THE COOLIE STANDING) AND THE INCLINED PLANE OF THE FLOOR: THE HAN POTTERY KILN NO. III.



8. SHOWING IN THE FOREGROUND THE BRICK WALL (SEE FIG. 1, OPPOSITE) AND, AT THE BACK, THE TWO FIRE-OPENINGS: HAN POTTERY KILN NO. I.A.



9. WITH A FLOOR VERY STEEPLY INCLINED: HAN POTTERY KILN NO. II. AT TAM-THO—A VIEW, SHOWING THE STEP ALMOST IN THE CENTRE.



10. THE SUNG PERIOD KILN: A SIDE VIEW SHOWING THE STEP (NEAR CENTRE) SEPARATING THE FURNACE FROM THE OVEN; (FOREGROUND) CYLINDRICAL POTS FORMING PART OF A WALL; (BEYOND) POTS IN SITU.



11. THE POTTERY KILN OF THE SUNG PERIOD (960-1280 A.D.) SEEN FROM ANOTHER ANGLE: A VIEW SHOWING THE STEP, WITH THE BATCH OF POTS JUST BEYOND, AND A WALL-PROJECTION (CENTRE BACKGROUND.)

Remarkable discoveries revealing the technique of ancient Chinese pottery are described by Professor Janse in his article on the opposite page, which is illustrated by the above photographs and those on two succeeding pages. As he points out, although the wonderful ceramic art of China is familiar enough from many surviving examples, little has been known hitherto concerning the actual places where they were produced or the methods of the early potters. His researches

in northern Annam, which was for centuries a Chinese colony, have greatly increased available information on a subject of fascinating interest, especially to students and collectors of Chinese ceramics. About twenty ancient kilns were found, near the village of Tam-tho and elsewhere, mostly dating from the Han period (covering the two centuries before and after Christ), and some from the much later time of the Sung Dynasty (960-1280 A.D.).

HAN POTTERY FOUND IN KILNS THAT PRODUCED IT ABOUT 2000 YEARS AGO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF THE FAR EAST EXPEDITION. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 894.)



12. INCLUDING IN ITS DECORATION THE ORIGINAL OWNER'S SIGNATURE: A TERRA-COTTA VASE FOUND AT LACH-TRUONG, IN THE THANH-HOA PROVINCE OF ANNAM.



15. INCLUDING THE SIGNATURE OF ITS ORIGINAL OWNER IN THE ORNAMENTATION ON THE EXTERIOR: A BOWL OF TERRA-COTTA DISCOVERED AT LACH-TRUONG, IN THE PROVINCE OF THANH-HOA, ANNAM.



13. FROM KILN NO. I.A AT TAM-THO: A TILE-END INSCRIBED IN CHINESE WITH A PRAYER THAT A BUILDING'S FOUNDER OR OWNER MAY RISE BY MERIT TO OFFICIAL RANK.



14. DECORATED WITH A HUMAN MASK: A FRAGMENT OF A TILE-END FOUND IN KILN NO. I.A AT TAM-THO, THANH-HOA PROVINCE, ANNAM.



17. A DOUBLE-POINTED SPINDLE-CAP FROM TAM-THO: A TYPE OF OBJECT OFTEN FOUND IN HAN AND T'ANG GRAVES.

16. SHOWING TWO FRAGMENTS DECORATED WITH IMPRESSIONS OF COINS, AND ONE WITH A HANDLE IN THE FORM OF A DOUBLE SPIRAL: POTSDHERDS FROM KILNS NOS. I.A AND I.B AT TAM-THO.



18. DECORATED WITH A STYLISED LOTUS: A TILE-END FROM POTTERY KILN NO. III. AT TAM-THO, IN THE ANNAMESE PROVINCE OF THANH-HOA.



19. BEARING AN INSCRIPTION MADE IN THE POTTERY MATERIAL WHEN IT WAS STILL SOFT: A LID-KNOB FROM KILN NO. I.A AT TAM-THO.

Regarding the vase and bowl (Figs. 12 and 15) found at Lach-Truong, it is interesting to recall Professor Janse's article on Han Dynasty art in Indo-China in our issue of December 25, 1937. In a passage which elucidates the geography of his new discoveries, he then wrote: "I resumed excavations of the necropolis situated on that vast plain round the village of Lach-Truong (see 'The Illustrated London News,' July 13, 1935, and March 7, 1936), in which we had opened about 20 Chinese

tombs. Then we successively transferred our excavating equipment to [various other places] . . . and to Tam-tho in the Division of Dong-son. . . . In all these localities we excavated Chinese tombs to a total of forty, and (at Tam-tho) several potters' kilns of the Han and Sung periods. . . . The study of the kilns will be reserved for another description later." That promise has now been fulfilled by the article and photographs given in the present number.

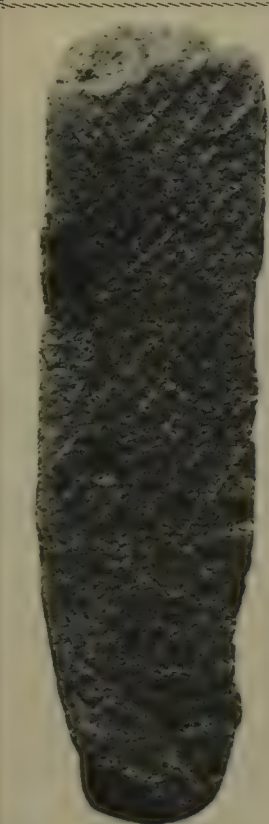
POTTERIES OF THE HAN PERIOD IN INDO-CHINA : ANCIENT KILNS FOUND, WITH PRODUCTS AND IMPLEMENTS.



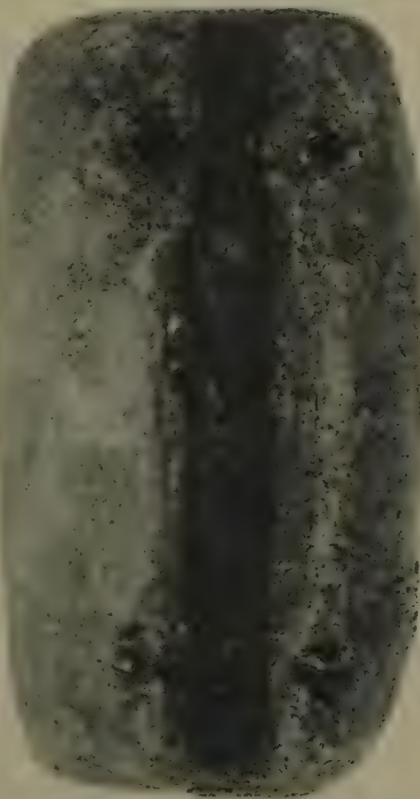
20. THE LANDSCAPE BACKGROUND OF ANCIENT CHINESE POTTERIES IN ANNAM : THE PLAIN OF TAM-THO SEEN FROM KILN NO. I.A—A VIEW SHOWING (MIDDLE DISTANCE, MARKED WITH CROSSES) MOUNDS ENCLOSING VESTIGES OF KILNS.



21. A LARGE PILE OF ANCIENT POTSDERDS UNEARTHED FROM KILN NO. I.A AT TAM-THO : THE "HARVEST" FROM SEVERAL DAYS OF EXCAVATION ON THE SITE.



22. THE TYPE OF IMPLEMENT USED BY ANCIENT CHINESE POTTERS FOR INSERTING THE OWNER'S SIGNATURE, OR OTHER INSCRIPTIONS, IN DECORATION OF A VESSEL (SEE FIGS. 12, 13, 15 AND 19, PAGE 896) : A PUNCH MADE OF TERRA-COTTA.



23. A WEAVER'S LOOM-WEIGHT OF TERRA-COTTA FROM KILN NO. I.A AT TAM-THO, LIKE INDONESIAN EXAMPLES AT DONG-SON.



24. LOCAL INTEREST IN THE FRENCH EXCAVATIONS AT TAM-THO, IN THE THANH-HOA PROVINCE OF ANNAM : A GROUP OF PEOPLE GATHERED BESIDE THE MOUND WHICH ENCLOSED THE ANCIENT POTTERY KILN NO. I.A.



25. THE FOUNDATIONS OF A LONG BRICK STRUCTURE—POSSIBLY A DRYING-CHAMBER FOR POTTERY—ADJACENT TO KILNS NOS. I.A AND I.B (THE LATTER IN A MOUND, MARKED WITH AN ARROW, IN LEFT BACKGROUND).



26. ANIMAL DESIGN IN ANCIENT POTTERY FROM INDO-CHINA : TWO ASPECTS OF A TERRA-COTTA FIGURINE REPRESENTING A ZEBU (INDIAN OX) FOUND IN KILN NO. I.A AT TAM-THO.

These photographs, like those on the two preceding pages, illustrate Professor Janse's article (page 894) describing his discovery of ancient Chinese pottery kilns in northern Annam. The first photograph above (Fig. 20) gives a good idea of the locality, near the village of Tam-tho, where the kilns were found, with a curiously serrated range of mountains in the distance, recalling those familiar in

Chinese landscape painting. Concerning Fig. 22 above, it may be noted, Professor Janse mentions that Chinese script, including signatures, often occurs amid the decoration of vases, and was made by means of a punch, of the type shown. In the kilns excavated there were found figurines representing animals, in a crude and childish style. Besides the zebu in Fig. 26 were several pigs and birds.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF THE FAR EAST EXPEDITION. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 894.)

"TREASURES FROM MIDLAND HOMES": A LOAN EXHIBITION IN BIRMINGHAM.

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF THE KEEPER, THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.



"MR. AND MRS. RICKETTS IN THE GROUNDS OF KANELAGH DURING A BAL MASQUÉ"; BY ARTHUR DEVIS (1711-1787). (Oil on Canvas. Size: 50×40 in. Lent by R. St. V. Parker-Jervis, Esq.)

A NOTABLE "Exhibition of Treasures from Midland Homes" was opened in the City of Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery on November 2 and will continue until December 2. The two hundred exhibits were collected within a radius of fifty miles from Birmingham, and include works of art from the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century. A few notes concerning some of the examples shown on this page may be of interest. "The Danvers Family," by Arthur Devis, probably portrays Sir John Danvers, Bt., and his wife Mary, with their children, John (b. 1769) and Mary. (Contd. below.)



ONE OF THE FEW PORTRAITS BY GEORGE MORLAND (1763-1804): "FRANCIS, SECOND BARON CONWAY (AFTERWARDS FIRST MARQUESS OF HERTFORD)." (Oil on Canvas. Size: 40×56½ in. Signed. Lent by the Trustees of the Ragley Estate.)



A FAMILY LECTURE: "THE DANVERS FAMILY"; BY ARTHUR DEVIS. (Oil on Canvas. Size: 40×40 in. Lent by the Earl of Lanesborough.)



"LORD CORNWALLIS RECEIVING THE SONS OF TIPPOO SAIB AT SERINGAPATAM, 1792"; BY ARTHUR WILLIAM DEVIS (1763-1822). (Oil on Canvas. Size: 68½×77 in. Lent by the Lord Biddulph.)

The painting has also been attributed to Johann Zoffany and to Tilly Kettle. One of the few portraits of distinguished people ever painted by George Morland is that of the second Lord Conway; while the picture by Arthur William Devis, of Lord Cornwallis receiving the children of Tipoo Saib as wards of the British Crown, illustrates a romantic episode in the history of the English in India. The portrait of Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles V. was probably painted in 1520 when the Emperor paid a visit to Henry VIII. and his aunt, Catherine of Aragon, before his coronation at Aix in October of that year. In our last issue we reproduced a "Charles I." found under a flower-piece.



"HENRY VIII. AND THE EMPEROR CHARLES V."; FLEMISH SCHOOL OF MABUSE (1472?-1535?). (Oil on Panel. Size: 28½×36½ in. Lent by Captain W. R. West.)



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY ('MARGARET TUDOR')"; ENGLISH SCHOOL OF THE SECOND QUARTER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (Oil on Wood Panel. Size: 23×18½ in. Lent by Major J. H. Dent-Brocklehurst.)



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

THIS is one of those productions in which the characters laugh so heartily at their own humours that the unfortunate audience have difficulty in hearing what the fun is all about. Only once before has Thomas Dekker's four-hundred-year-old comedy been revived. One is not surprised. It is definitely a museum piece, and can have little interest save for those who are students of the drama. The Elizabethans made little demand for continuity of interest as regards plot. But here is a play that must surely have left the good citizens of the period more than ordinarily confused. It tells of a certain Simon Eyre, a prince among shoemakers, who became Lord Mayor of London and built Leadenhall. A young nobleman, for reasons best known to the author, assumes a Dutch accent and becomes a journeyman shoemaker. Miss Nancy Price has produced the play. Unfortunately, she allows her players to get out of hand. Doubtless she incited them to roar and guffaw in a praiseworthy attempt to recapture the Elizabethan atmosphere. Noisy as the theatre of that time must have been, with its brawling gallants and orange-sellers, it may have been necessary for the actors on the stage to shout down the pandemonium in the pit. But modern audiences are decorous folk. A stifled yawn is the most they usually permit themselves. Therefore the ear-splitting din on the stage was out of key. Mr. Morris Harvey took a firm stand between the ancient and modern schools of acting. He bellowed heartily enough, but his words conveyed sense as well as noise. Mr. Hedley Briggs

clowned nimbly as Firk, and Miss Elizabeth Maude provided the harmless love-interest.

"ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA," AT THE GARRICK.
Few reigns can have held more tragedy than that

to look up the fact, barely hinted at, that King Ludwig was the patron of Richard Wagner, and built him a wonderful opera-house at Bayreuth, where he alone might enjoy the composer's music.

Then, too, the tragedy of Mayerling. One did want to go "back-stage" to learn what one never learns over the footlights. This episode, of course, is the greatest drama of all time. Was it murder, suicide, or, as many fiction-writers have suggested, merely an ingeniously staged "fake" to enable the Crown Prince to fly to another and newer world? Though there are many episodes in this play, there is little real action, while wit is wholly wanting. The dialogue is too flat-footed to arouse one's interest. Mr. Gyles Isham had little to do as the Emperor Franz Josef. Miss Wanda Rotha was an excellent Elisabeth. In the early scenes she was an admirable hoyden who ran about the paternal farm barefooted. Later she develops into an aesthete with a passion for music and a heart that is easily lost to its leading patron, Ludwig.



BEFORE THE MARSEILLES FIRE: A SECTION OF THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE NOUVELLES GALERIES, IN WHICH THE CONFLAGRATION STARTED. (Photograph by Baudelaire.)

The disastrous fire at Marseilles on October 28 was fully illustrated in our issue of November 5. It began in the Nouvelles Galeries, a big store in the main street of the city, which was completely destroyed within an hour. The photographs on this page—showing the interior of the store before and after the fire—provide dramatic evidence of the intensity of the conflagration, in which over seventy lives were lost.

of the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria and King of Hungary. The trouble is that it cannot all be got within the three-hours traffic of the stage. Practically everything interesting that happens, happens "off." There is Elisabeth's encounter with the mad King Ludwig II. of Bavaria. Finely played though it was by Mr. Richard Ainley, who hinted tactfully at approaching insanity, one felt an urge to leave the theatre for the library,



AFTER THE MARSEILLES FIRE—FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE: THE BURNT-OUT INTERIOR OF THE NOUVELLES GALERIES; SHOWING HOW COMPLETELY THE STORE WAS DESTROYED. (Planet.)



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

VISITORS to the Scottish Motor Show, which Captain G. E. T. Eyston arranged to open at the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, on Nov. 11, will not only be able to see all the cars which were on view recently



ON THE MAGNIFICENT MOUNTAIN ROADS FROM GEIRANGER TO GRYOTLI, IN NORWAY: ONE OF THE NEW SERIES "M" O.H.V. MORRIS "TEN-FOURS" TACKLING A STEEP CLIMB.

at Earls Court, London's Show, but a great variety of commercial goods vehicles as well. The latter will have no exhibition devoted to them in London this year, so many visitors will travel North to inspect the latest examples of goods and passenger transport motor-vehicles.

With Captain Eyston performing the opening ceremony, it was very apropos that John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd., of which he is a director, should make this exhibition the first public occasion for introducing their newest production, the 85-b.h.p. Gardner oil-engined, new twin-steering, rigid frame six-wheeler vehicle, which will carry a ten-ton payload and, with its inter-connected two front axles steering, makes an ideal arrangement for distribution of the load on the two front and single rear axles, good fuel economy and long tyre life.

Austin show here not only all their cars, but shooting-brakes, taxi-cabs, ambulances, and motor vans, so that there are plenty of new items to inspect. So also do the Morris organisation, whose exhibits include fire-fighters, A.R.P. pumping sets, taxi-cabs, ambulances, motor-coaches, lorries and vans of all sizes and descriptions. In fact, interesting as Earls Court Motor Exhibition was, the present Scottish Motor Show has a far greater variety of motors displayed to attract and interest visitors.

Wolseley cars now offer a choice in carriages of from 25 h.p. to 12 h.p., as the aim of this manufacturer in the construction of the present new productions is to ensure the greatest possible comfort for the five passengers which all Wolseley models are now designed to carry. Consequently, with the dividing arm of the rear seat dropped into place when the car is only carrying four passengers, the ample room these enjoy gives very great comfort. Also it will be noticed, whether you inspect the green 14-60-h.p. six-cylinder saloon or the black 25-h.p. "super-six" limousine, much increased luggage accommodation is given. There is a most taking 25-h.p. drophead coupé available in polychromatic grey, a "super-six" 25-h.p. black saloon with brown upholstery, one of the new 18-85-h.p. saloons with green trimmings and black panels, a new 16-65-h.p. saloon in grey with blue upholstery, and a 12-48-h.p. blue saloon

to be seen in the London showrooms in Berkeley Street.

The Sunbeam-Talbot programme for 1939 includes the new 10-h.p. chassis equipped with different styles of coachbuilt bodies, the six-cylinder 3-litre 21-h.p. Sunbeam-Talbot, and the 4-litre 27-h.p. sports saloon. These are the new models made since the amalgamation of these two famous marques of the automobile world. The "Tens" are very attractive cars, as sports saloons in ruby jewel-essence finish and gun jewel-essence colouring for their panels and in copper bronze for the drophead coupé. A 10-h.p. sports tourer is also available in copper bronze jewel-essence paintwork, priced at £250, full of gadgets and useful equipment for the sports-car enthusiast. Carborundum blue is one of the colours available for the six-cylinder 3-litre saloon, with its hydraulic jacks, auxiliary centre driving lamp and steel discs of the wheels painted to match the coachwork; and gun-colour panels with grey leather upholstery for the 3-litre drophead coupé, with adjustable bucket-type seats in front and back-rests hinged at the bottom to give easier access to the rear seats. Its price is £525. The 4-litre saloon is listed at £525 also.



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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

MR. H. G. WELLS, it is clear, will never make a veteran or a G.O.M., or anything of that sort. He declines to fossilise and be venerable. Among his serious juniors—how many of them dry and sapless before the time!—he stands up impenitently fresh and green, as though age were a superstition he had got rid of.

In "Apropos of Dolores," his gaiety and appreciation of life are at flood, and cover a multitude of defects. The novel has scarcely any plot; and that little is, at the two vital points, unbelievable. In the first place, I can't believe that Stephen Wilbeck (the narrator) would have married Dolores. He is an intensely civilised, amused, enlightened observer; she is an exhibitionist of the most outrageous and naïve type. He sees through her from the beginning—no one could help it. He doesn't in the least want to marry her. He is no youngster—he has been married and divorced once already. For all these reasons, it is incredible that he should not have had more sense.

However, they marry; naturally, they don't get on; and so we have "the case of Stephen Wilbeck *contra* Dolores." This indictment is the kernel of the book, and it is great fun. You remember Jane Austen on Mr. Bennet's marriage?—"To his wife he was very little otherwise indebted than as her ignorance and folly had contributed to his amusement. This is not the sort of happiness which a man would in general wish to owe to his wife; but where other powers of entertainment are wanting, the true philosopher will derive benefit from such as are given." Mr. Wilbeck has no small share of this philosophy. He describes his maddening and preposterous companion—her scenes, her posing, her pig-headedness, her fantastic jealousy, her little tricks and habits—with immense relish. She is *all* pose, he gives us to understand. Now I think of it, such undiluted egomania seems hardly possible outside an asylum; a little more, and she could surely have been locked up.

After thirteen years the joke has lost its savour, and he begins to pant for deliverance. And then one night Dolores goes too far. She makes a particularly awful scene, ending with shrieks of agony and a demand for her sleeping tablets. Instead of two, he gives her the whole tubeful—and says good-night. Or did he give her only two? Looking back, he cannot make up his mind; but she is dead in the morning. That, again, tries one's faith beyond endurance. It is

hard to believe he would have murdered her, quite impossible to believe that he is not sure. If he really did seize the chance, his vagueness can only be ascribed to "English hypocrisy."

But, as I say, it is immense fun. Only we get too little Dolores and far too much *apropos*. Mr. Wilbeck is always going off into pseudo-biological soliloquy, thoughts on happiness (which he confuses with "fitness to survive"),

and meditations on the future of man. We are at the dawn of a New Era. Mr. Wilbeck and his kind are "mutations." And so on. After the poisoning, the book goes into its dotage. But we can't complain; we have had our money's worth before that.

"Sarah's Youth" is another novel which delights, because it sees life as delightful. Not, of course, in the same way. Mr. Wells's appreciation has its limits, but they are within himself; he can get his own kind of amusement from anyone, anywhere. In Somerville and Ross the frontiers are local, and the picture is more complete; we are presented with a whole world, though a narrow one. Always the south of Ireland is the real theme, and so the plot can be flimsy without the novel falling to pieces.

In "Sarah's Youth" it is flimsy: not the mere fiction of a fiction, as in "Dolores," but at most a thread for the comedy and poetry of the beloved land. Sarah is a defiant, generous young tomboy, with a passion for horses. It is only natural that her first choice in love should be Tim Kavanagh, the stable lad who has the Green Finger ("Horse nor dog, they'll not touch him!"), and whom she has admired since they were children. But he does not respond; he is kind and tranquil, always ready to help, but with no idea of an attachment above his station. And she is too spirited a creature to pine. But the lovely landscape, the meet at Castle Ower, the riding and driving, the autumn lanes and country humours—those are what count. The old, easy charm of style and dialogue has lost nothing.

"The Younger Venus" is, by comparison, artificial—in the best sense, however. The author calls it "an escape story." Mrs. Adderley and her two daughters go abroad, leaving their house in the tenancy of Anthony Frome, a writer on art. They have never seen him. But just as they are about to drive off, the young, tall, dreaming Susan—partly by chance, partly on a strange impulse—leaves her own photograph on the writing-table. Now Susan, all unconsciously, is the living image of Simonetta—the model for Botticelli's Venus. And Frome has a cult of Simonetta, and has written a book on her. During the voyage, this book falls, literally, at Susan's feet.

The novel flows along in two currents—the Adderleys' life abroad, their tenant's solitary life at Maze House. While Susan is dreaming over his book, he is dreaming over her photograph. At last the currents meet, and Simonetta and her lover are face to face. It is a story full of romantic art and enchanting pen-pictures; the most enchanting are of Susan on the ship—or Venus just risen from the waves. It is full, also, of a very pleasant humour. We could do with more "escape novels." [Continued overleaf.]



ADMIRING THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SAXON CASKET PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN ON THE LAUNCHING OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH": QUEEN MARY DURING HER SECOND VISIT TO THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR.

On November 3, Queen Mary paid a second visit to the Antique Dealers' Fair, which opened at Grosvenor House on October 27. Her Majesty has lent three further exhibits to the exhibition, to replace those which had been on view the previous week. During her tour, Queen Mary showed much interest in the sixteenth-century Saxon casket of silver gilt mounted mother-of-pearl which has been lent by the Queen, to whom it was presented by Lord Aberconway at the launching of the "Queen Elizabeth." (L.N.A.)



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(Continued.)

Perhaps "The Dark Room"—a novel by a young Indian—ought to have been first on my list. It is very short, very simple—but I would rather have missed any of the others. Ramani, the secretary of an insurance company, falls in love with a woman probationer at his office. His wife, Savitri, finds out. She has been much tried before; at this point her dependence and humiliation seem unendurable, and she runs away. But there are the children. Will they grow up dirty and emaciated? Has their hair been combed since she left? In three days her gallant resolve has broken down, and everything is back to normal. It is a sad little-affair related, so to speak, in words of one syllable—but how charmingly! How good they all are—the husband and wife, the children, the servants, the emancipated siren, the old priest with whom Savitri finds work. The humour is as natural as the pathos. The background is strange, yet not so very strange. Yes, you ought to read "The Dark Room," whatever else.

The adjectives that give the best idea of Mr. Hibbitt's "Lowtown" are moral ones. He is upright, honourable, sincere. He knows everything about Lowtown and the Palmer family, everything about Albert and his ambitions, his failures, his love-affairs, the development of his soul; and every word he writes about them is true as gospel. This study of a working-class youth is rather flat at moments, but it is never depressing; it holds one by a kind of nobility. It is Mark Rutherford without his distinction and literary charm.

"Garland of Bays" ought to have been called "Robert Greene." It is even longer than the author's "Richard Savage," and, I think, even better—certainly richer and more various. The hero, though a bad lot, is rather weak than wicked; Savage was venomous all through, but one can like Greene. Marlowe figures prominently in the cast, and Shakespeare himself is given a line or two. There is plenty of excitement, and a vast, bustling, many-sided picture of the Great Age.

Some people will doubtless think more highly of the next two books than I can. They are both very serious. "Love and Julian Farnie" is the autobiography of a young man with a sexual disability. The moral is that anyone physically odd is doomed to be wretched, but so many of Julian's circle are odd that his own misfortune hardly stands out. And the "tragedy" of his life has no development in action. "The Bridegroom Cometh" is of immense length, and very ambitious. But I found it almost impossible to work up an interest in Mary Donald's progress from religion to Communism. There is much talk of "the blood" and "the womb," and the sexual episodes are lush and holy—rather in the manner of D. H. Lawrence.

"Something Wrong" is a group of short stories about young men and boys. Some are really powerful, and almost all are a little grim, or more than a little. The tone is that of the aesthetic Left; dislike of society comes out stronger than love of humanity.

"Lily of the Valley" is about a good, young servant-girl. She is intuitively wise, though not at all clever, and the book has a slight, unpretending flavour of mysticism. A nice little story.

"The Strange Crime in Bermuda" should be read by all who want a crime story they can believe. Hamish Grier comes to Bermuda on a visit to his friend Hector Malloy, and his friend's gentle and adoring young wife. Almost at once Hector disappears. A houseboy is found dead in a trunk. Hamish falls under suspicion. One may guess who is at the bottom of all the trouble—yet the dénouement is startling. And yet, again, that is how real crimes are committed. The "local colour" is not extraneous, but essential to the plot.

The first half of "Policeman's Evidence" (related by Tony Purdon) is very good stuff indeed; a large, dilapidated house, an old cipher, and a treasure-hunt—what more could you have? The second part (related by Chief-Inspector Beale) is not quite so good, but still well above the average. And Mr. Penny is one of those detective-novelists who can write. "How Did Elmer Die?" is detection without frills, competent and pleasant.

K. J.



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK (NOVEMBER 10-17) AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A MEDIEVAL STAINED-GLASS PANEL DEPICTING ST. PETER; FROM A CLERESTORY WINDOW AT SEES CATHEDRAL, IN NORMANDY. This figure of St. Peter came from a clerestory window at Sees Cathedral, and dates from the last quarter of the thirteenth century. Windows still in the church show similar figures under small canopies, ranged in bands across a background of clear glass painted in black with slight conventional foliage. The contrast between the silvery "grisaille" ground and the gorgeous colour of the figures is very striking. The satisfactory arrangement of broad areas of colour is, naturally, the designer's chief pre-occupation, but in inspecting this panel it should be observed that he has also attempted to correct the effects of foreshortening by making the figure unnaturally tall; and that the key of Heaven is big enough for St. Peter to be identified from a considerable distance. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Apropos of Dolores. By H. G. Wells. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
 Sarah's Youth. By E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)
 The Younger Venus. By Naomi Royde Smith. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
 The Dark Room. By R. K. Narayan. (Macmillan; 6s.)
 Lowtown. By Edward Hibbitt. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)
 Garland of Bays. By Gwyn Jones. (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.)
 Love and Julian Farnie. By Neil Bell. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 The Bridegroom Cometh. By Waldo Frank. (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.)
 Something Wrong. By James Stern. (Secker and Warburg; 7s. 6d.)
 Lily of the Valley. By Ursula Bloom. (Rich and Cowan; 7s. 6d.)
 The Strange Crime in Bermuda. By Elizabeth Sanxay Holding. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)
 Policeman's Evidence. By Rupert Penny. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
 How Did Elmer Die? By Geoffrey Philip West. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)

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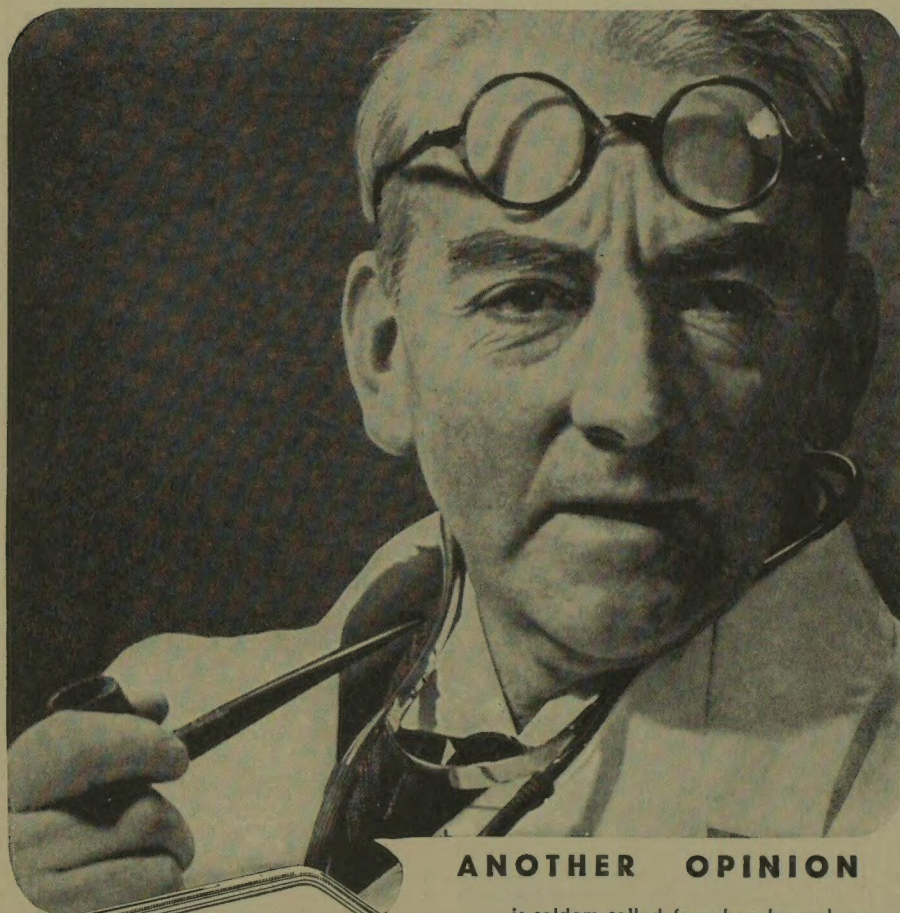
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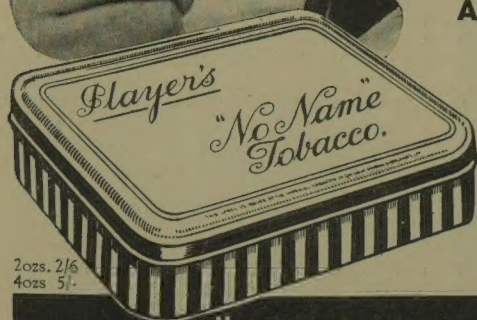
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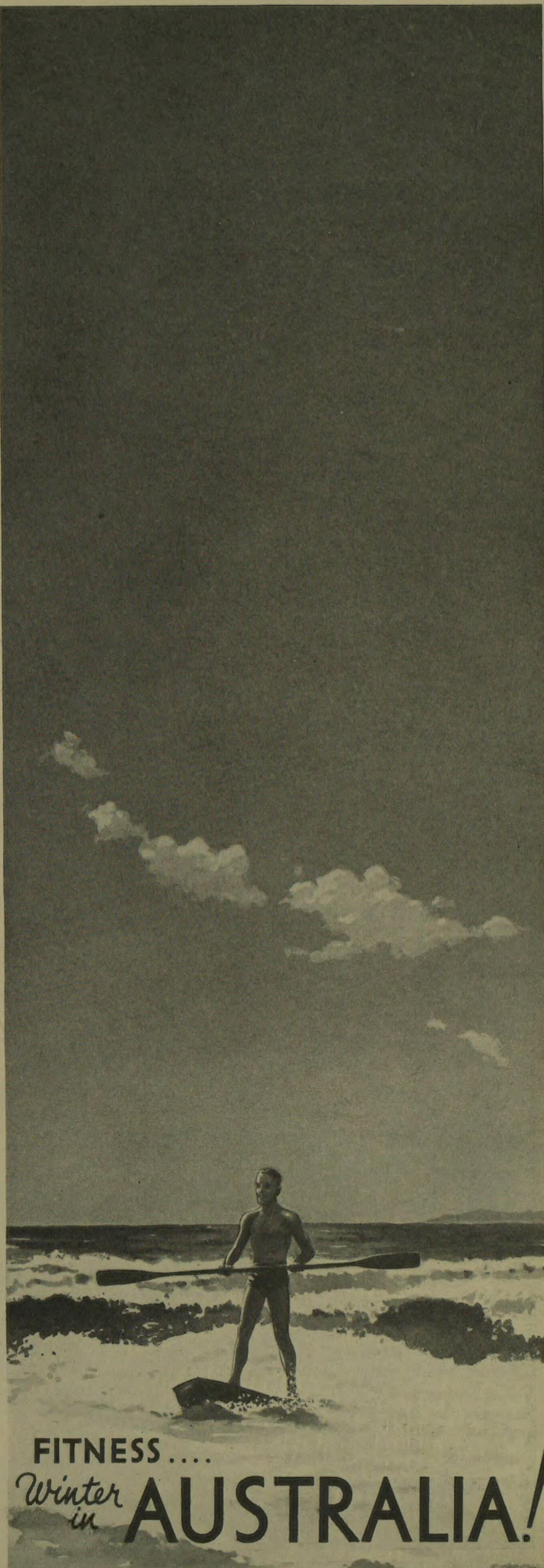
ANOTHER OPINION

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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from page 870.)

remainder of the book relates the adventures of Gurk, in the third person, and I gather (though there seems to be no explicit statement to that effect) that under this name, for the sake of objectivity, the author has told his own story, especially as the description of Gurk's trial and condemnation at Samarkand, in 1920, is illustrated by a reproduction of the actual document containing the death sentence, and in it the prisoner's name is Gustav Ivanovitch Krist. It should be added that "Gurk" was not executed, but, through a friendly Commissar, his sentence was commuted to three months' imprisonment.

After his original capture by the Russians in 1914, Gustav Krist spent seven years in Central Asia, partly in hospitals and prison camps, from which he thrice escaped but each time was re-taken. In 1918 and 1919 he made journeys with the Red Cross delegations to the prison camps of Turkestan and to Bokhara, and founded the Prisoners of War Industries at Samarkand. All these vicissitudes are narrated with vivid simplicity. After his final release, in 1921, he and other ex-prisoners of war started

for home and arrived at Stettin in December. There they had a welcome surprise. "The barracks for returning prisoners were not far from the station at Stettin; they ran towards the door with all speed to escape the icy storm blowing in off the North Sea. The door opened: the prisoners halted spell-bound. Inside there stood a Christmas tree with candles burning. Suddenly they remembered the date: it was Christmas Eve. Christmas 1921. Their first Christmas for many years in a German-speaking land. . . . It was late before the ex-prisoners turned in, free men once more, and reflected with joy that no Russian muzhik would prod them awake in the morning with his rifle-butt and his cry of: 'Get a move on, Prisoner!'"

When he returned to Austria in 1922, after seven years in Central Asia, Gustav Krist found it hard to adapt himself to altered conditions, and, as prospects of making a living seemed black, he went east again, to Persia, and at Tabriz took service with a carpet merchant, with whom he travelled throughout the country. Thus began the adventures so well described in his previous book published this year, entitled "ALONE THROUGH THE FORBIDDEN LAND": Journeys in Disguise Through Soviet Central Asia. By Gustav Krist. Translated by E. O. Lorimer.

With 2 Maps, Plans, and 118 Photographs (Faber; 12s. 6d.). The author modestly disclaims any pretence to scientific exploration and declares that the motive of his travels was love of adventure. Doubtless that is why his story makes such good reading, and he certainly found adventures in plenty. Incidentally, he gives the facts concerning Enver Pasha's death, which he got from the man who had actually killed him, and elsewhere illuminating explanations of Russian policy in Central Asia and the way in which it conflicted with British interests.

On his new travels, Gustav Krist found himself in many places that he had known during his wartime imprisonment. Once more, like the merchants in Flecker's poem, he took "the Golden Road to Samarkand," and his daring spirit makes itself felt in the way he describes his return. "I had left Samarkand," he writes, "four years ago and never dreamt then that I should one day come back. I calmly asked a gendarme what hotel he could recommend. . . . Samarkand was dangerous ground for me to tread and I had to exercise the greatest care not to be seen and recognised by any of my numerous acquaintances of former days. Some of the ex-prisoners of war had remained on here, and, though I could implicitly trust their loyalty and goodwill,

an incautious word from one of them might make an unwilling traitor of him." As it fell out, he was actually arrested, on the information of a Russian, but, by dint of hard lying (excused by the fact that he would otherwise have been shot), he managed to disprove his identity, and three old prisoner-of-war friends brought in to confront him (having been forewarned) stoutly denied ever having seen him before. Later, he crossed the Alia Range into the Kizil Su valley. "There," as described in a summary of his subsequent adventures, "he found a large body of Black Kirghiz nomads—and very soon was adopted by them and lived as one of the tribe, being provided with two wives. His further journey down the Kizil Su to the Oxus, across another corner of the great desert of the Kara Kum, and his final escape over the Kopet Dag into Persia, was packed with incidents and danger."

Asia is duly represented, among many other parts of the world, in a delightful collection of extracts from authors ancient and modern entitled "THE GOLDEN ROAD": An Anthology of Travel. Selected and Arranged by Arthur Stanley. Illustrated by Phyllis Bray (Dent; 7s. 6d.). The compiler has cast his net wide both in poetry and prose throughout the ages, ranging from Homer and Herodotus, Horace and Cicero, to writers of our own day, such as Hilaire Belloc, W. H. Davies, Aldous Huxley, and H. G. Wells. "I have endeavoured," writes Mr. Stanley, "to provide as great a variety of persons, times, places, and means of travel as the limitations of my space permit. . . . Some of my travellers were great explorers, valiant men, blazers of trails. Most of them had merry hearts, and all of them shared the spirit of adventure. And this spirit will ever be the mark of the true traveller, whether his plan be a week in the Home Counties or his mind be fixed on 'the last peaks of the world beyond all seas.'" Although Dr. Sven Hedin does not figure among the authors represented, there is, curiously enough, an item entitled "The Silk Road," from Ella K. Maillart's book "Forbidden Journey." In Asiatic travel—to judge by book-titles—forbidden fruit seems to be as beguiling as it was in the Garden of Eden. C. E. B.

Considerable interest has been shown in the Crisis "Fever" Chart which we published in the Record Number of *The Illustrated London News* of Oct. 8. It enabled one to see at a glance the course of events which kept Europe swaying between peace and war from Sept. 12 to Sept. 30. Due acknowledgment must be made to *L'Illustration*, which published a kindred diagram in its issue of Oct. 1, for on that our Chart was based.

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